HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXIX.—No. 1469.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1885.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
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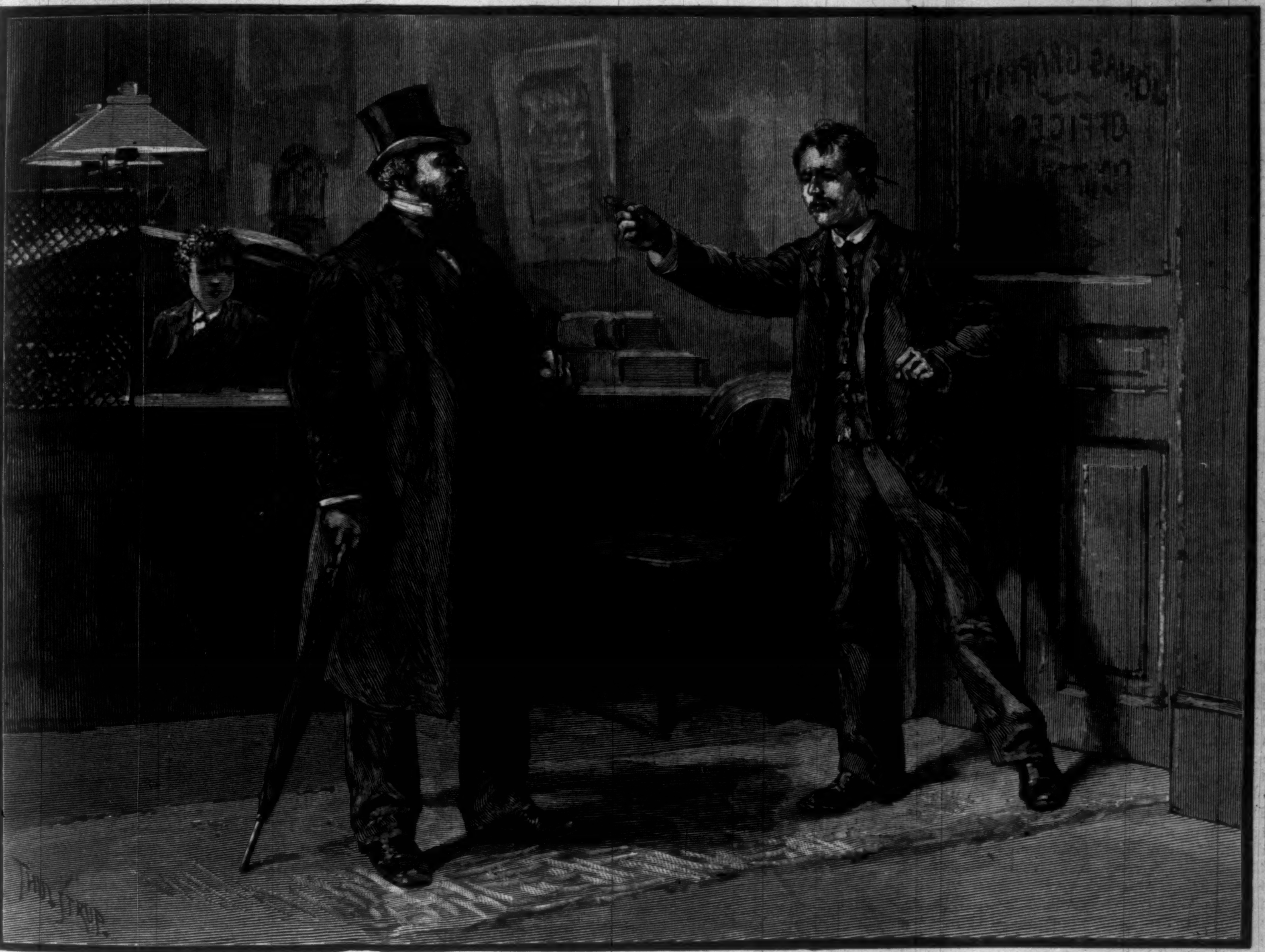

"'IN ORDER TO MARRY, I MUST HAVE MORE SALARY.'"

JONAS GRAPPITT'S VALENTINE.

I.—"HOFFICE WORK."

THE last of a long series of office boys had just left Mr. Grappitt's employ, loudly expressing a refusal to be "allers growled at," even by so great a capitalist. So, in the dingy place of business which used to be well known to all New York, Allan Swift, Jonas Grappitt's book-keeper, was at his wits' end for lack of help. He stood at the letter-press taking copies of important correspondence; a crowd of clerks and messengers were impatiently clamoring for attention, while he, as impatiently, answered them, "Wait, wait; I can't do the work of three men." In the midst of all this hurry, the office door opening for about the twentieth time, the harried book-keeper called out, "Well, what is it?" Then he added, "Shut the door."

There came no answer, and it being a winter's day, the draught blew in savagely; so Swift, who had a hasty, driving way when he was busy, shouted with emphasis, "*Shut that door!*" and turned round sharply to enforce the order. On the threshold he saw a shivering, scared-looking boy, scantily clad, and holding by the hand a stubbed, logy baby, whose irresponsible red countenance was bigger than the pinched and anxious face of its protector.

"Come, now, speak out," said the book-keeper, tartly, yet with a half-smile at the quaint and helpless pair.

The boy moved his lips, but no voice could be heard; then the stocky baby, planted on two lumps of feet, and rolled to the eyes in a woman's plaid shawl, threatening to topple over, a smart messenger yelled, "Oh, come out o' that!" pounced on the ball of a creature, set it down within the room, gave the boy a push in the same direction, and gave the door a bang.

Half an hour later, bank hours being over and the office clear, Swift was about to make an entry in his ledger, when something hard and cold touched his wrist. Starting and looking down, he found it to be a skeleton little hand, and there before him stood that same small boy and that same imperturbable baby.

"Oh, you want pennies, I suppose," said the young man, diving into his pockets. "There;" and he tried to force some copper pieces into the palm, which, to his surprise, was with drawn inrefusal.

"What!" he exclaimed, "despise U. S. currency?" Then, more idiomatically, he asked, "What on earth are you hanging about here for, eh?"

"I'm lookin' for hoffice work, sir," came the whispered answer.

Swift laughed. "So you're English! How long over?"

"Six weeks, sir. Baby was born in Castle Garden quite in a 'urry, sir."

"Why, it's more than six weeks old, isn't it?" Swift asked, in bachelor stupidity, pointing with his pen handle at the little lump, which had that pitiful patience only found in the children of the poor.

"That bean't the baby," answered the boy. "There's two younger nor her. She's three year old come summer, Victoria Regina is."

"*What's* her name?" asked Swift.

"Mother named her, sir, after the Queen. Leopold George Duncan is the baby. Then Beatrice Mary Feodora, she's atween the two—a year an' a 'alf she is; then there's—"

"Where's your father?" Swift interrupted.

"Father worked in a mill in Manchester, and eight months ago he was—was"—here the small foreigner shivered from head to foot—"he was cu—cu—cut up in little bits. I was in the mill too—got four bob a week; but after that" (another shiver) "I couldn't go near the wheels without turnin' sick, and the over.

[*Continued on page 106.*]

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and* HARPER'S BAZAR *may be had for the years* 1882, 1883, *and* 1884. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders promptly. It is* MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS' *intention in future to keep the back numbers of these periodicals for three years only.*

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The leading article in No. 276, published February 10, is "Whaling off Long Island," which is discribed in an entertaining manner by MR. ARTHUR BRISBANK, *who was an eye-witness of the recent unusually succesful efforts of the fishermen on that shore.* MR. W. P. BODFISH *furnishes a front-page illustration to the foregoing.*

Another timely article is a short account of "The Liberty Bell," with reference to its recent journey to New Orleans, two scenes in which are illustrated.

In fiction, "Rolf House" is continued, and an interesting phase of boarding-school life is depicted in the Second Part of "Archie's Adventure." MR. DAVID KER *contributes a short sketch;* MR. ALLAN FORMAN *has a very amusing story, called "Mr. Thompson and the Fairies," in his well-known original vein.*

The leading illustration is from a drawing by MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD, *entitled*

"A VALENTINE."

MR. HOWARD PYLE *contributes another of his illustrated fables, which he calls "Overconfidence." The current number is unusually rich in illustration.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1885

AN IMPORTANT DEMOCRATIC DOCUMENT.

THE most significant Democratic document that we have seen for many years is the address of the Young Men's Democratic Club of Brooklyn to Democratic citizens. It is upon the text of "The Democratic Party and Civil Service Reform," and appearing on the eve of the return of the party to the executive control of the government after an interval of twenty-four years, it is one of the most encouraging of political portents. Like the Young Republican Club of Brooklyn, this Democratic association has represented the most vital and vigorous sentiment of its party. It is not willing that practical politics shall turn wholly upon old traditions, and insists that parties shall deal with living questions. The club has strong convictions and the courage that belongs to them, and instead of raising the war-whoop of "a clean sweep" of the civil service for the benefit of Democrats, it asserts decisively that party policy is coincident with the sound and patriotic principles of administration announced by Mr. CLEVELAND, and that this is proved by the circumstances of the election. The address warns Democrats to look at the facts, and not to be deceived by misapprehensions. It was not trust in the Democratic party nor preference for it, say these Democrats, which elected Mr. CLEVELAND. There is no popular sympathy with the party as such, and it was to effect a practical and present purpose that the small body of voters which holds the balance of power supported the Democratic candidate. In the opinion of this body the election of Mr. BLAINE threatened the purity and safety of administration, and the Democratic candidate signified, not a party policy, but the cause of honest government and administrative reform.

This statement is followed by the declaration that "Governor CLEVELAND was nominated and he was elected chiefly because his career was an emphatic promise, approved and guaranteed by the Democratic party, that he would perform the specific duty of reforming the public service." And this does not mean merely turning out Republicans, but "the American people .... are ready to terminate the political proscription in the purely business places of the government which for more than half a century has attended every accession of a party in the Federal administration." The address holds that if the Democratic party does not sustain the President in his reform policy, it will inevitably lose power in 1888, because parties are sustained in power by reason of some great service rendered to the country. This point is illustrated by allusion to the long Democratic tenure in the first half of the century, and to the recent Republican tenure due to "the service of LINCOLN, SEWARD, CHASE, and their associates in resisting the extension of slavery, in maintaining the Federal Union, in the work of emancipation, and in securing to the freedmen, for their safety in freedom, a share of political power." This extract shows the honorable tone and temper of this remarkable address. The restoration of the Democratic party to power, it says, must be signalized by some similar great public service, and mere change of men will not be accepted as such a service. It will be found, however, in the reform with which the new President is already identified.

The abuses of the civil service, says the address, whether they began in the fiery proscription of Whigs in 1829, or of Democrats in 1841, or earlier, "were brought to their most varied, scandalous, and dangerous forms by the Republican party, and .... no effort was made by that party to check them until the election of 1882 had shown that their power was drawing to its close." It is unfortunately true that a Republican Congress, before the end of General GRANT'S administration, refused to make the necessary appropriations, and that it refused the small sum asked in 1882 by President ARTHUR. It is, however, also true that the reform movement began among Republicans, and was pressed by them while the Republicans were still in power, and that the reformed system was honestly enforced, within the prescribed range, under the administration of Presidents HAYES and ARTHUR. But the important fact is that both Republicans and Democrats passed the national law and the New York law, and that in its nature the reform is non-partisan. Its friends, says the address, must be taught confidence in the Democratic party. "A courageous, persistent, and practical promotion of the reform of the civil service, and .... the establishment of reform methods in making appointments within that service," will, it thinks, retain its independent allies. This address, we repeat, issued by Democrats upon the eve of a Democratic restoration, shows that there are younger Democrats who are not Bourbons, and that there is as positive, sincere, and aggressive a sentiment of reform, even if less widely diffused, in the Democratic as in the Republican party. Every honest reformer, whatever his party sympathies, will gladly sustain Mr. CLEVELAND in carrying out the policy which his letter announces, and which the Brooklyn Young Men's Democratic Club unreservedly approves.

"PRIVATE WAR."

THE shooting of O'DONOVAN ROSSA is one of the incidents which must be expected in a state of "private war." If England and Ireland are engaged in "private war," Englishmen may wage it as well as Irishmen; and wherever an Irishman and Englishman meet, there may be the battle-field. If Irishmen deliver battle by blowing up the London Tower, English men or women may return the fire by shooting ROSSA or any other Irishman at sight. If every person, wherever he may be, proclaims his right and duty to injure those whom he calls tyrants and oppressors in any way that he chooses, he will not of course complain more than any other good soldier if he falls upon the field of battle.

This, of course, is an intolerable situation. War at least may be brave and honorable; and the laws of war, as they are called, prohibit precisely the kind of crimes of which "private war" is composed. If the men in this country and elsewhere who declare that Ireland is horribly oppressed, without the chance of peaceful agitation for redress or any hope of relief, should make a stand in Ireland, and calling God and the world to witness the justice of their cause, should challenge the tyrant to the field, there would be some proof of their sincerity in the risk that they bravely took, and some respect for honorable, if mistaken, men. But a mere cowardly conspiracy of crime moves only indignation and contempt. The abuse of America and of American citizenship to prosecute a foreign vendetta, the publication of newspapers in New York to inflame the worst foreign passions, and thereby to injure a friendly and peaceful nation and to foster disturbance and riot in our own streets, are offenses humiliating to every honorable man and American, but the remedy is not obvious nor easy.

The tone of criticism in England implies that we ought to establish a rigorous censorship of the press. But that is out of the question. The law can deal only with overt acts and direct incitement to crime and disorder. Undoubtedly, whether that incitement is to the commission of crime at home or abroad, it should be equally punished, and if necessary to secure that result, the law should be amended. But the flagrant abuse and wrong of acquiring American citizenship, not to become an American but a more belligerent Irishman, and to use this country and its opportunities to take part in the quarrels of other countries, is not to be summarily remedied. The effort to correct it is likely to produce mischiefs as great as those which it would remove. The law can recognize no other difference between native and naturalized citizens than such as the Constitution prescribes, and the preliminary residence to acquire the right of naturalization should be greatly extended only when experience shows that naturalization is so generally sought for sinister and not for legitimate purposes that the country must protect itself. Meanwhile, private war among foreigners actually waged in our streets must be suppressed by the police and the full rigor of the law, and American politicians who for their own objects pander to miscreants whom the criminal law can not yet touch should feel the full weight of the condemnation of American opinion.

KHARTOOM.

THE capture of a town in the interior of Africa by the Arabs was known within a week all over the world, and aroused the utmost interest, while in England the excitement, as the London *Times* says, was the greatest within a generation. Khartoom is situated at the confluence of the White and Blue Niles, and is naturally a strong position. It was held by General GORDON and a few thousands of Arabs, Turks, and negroes, and although the Mahdi was in a manner besieging him, he felt entirely secure. But every observer must have felt that the enterprise for his relief was exposed to peculiar and incalculable perils. The size of the Mahdi's army was unknown, but his followers have shown themselves to be good fighters, and they are not hireling soldiers, but men inflamed with religious zeal, and fighting in and for their country. The climate, the desert, the uncertainty of the attitude of the population and of supplies, were all elements of danger, and the most fatal error under such circumstances would be any contempt of the enemy which should lead to perilous risks.

This very contempt, however, seems to have induced Lord WOLSELEY to divide his forces, and not only was it announced that Khartoom was taken, but that the English army, scattered at three or four points, was not unlikely to be overwhelmed by the country rising around them. Such a reverse naturally fell with an appalling shock upon England, and the question burst at once from every lip, Whose fault is it? The prestige of England is threatened and obscured: who did it? Recrimination, however, is useless. It is very plain that the GLADSTONE government inherited a very difficult situation from the Jingo administration, and that it hesitated whether to withdraw or to push on. But having decided to push on, it should have thrown all its force and carried its point. The relief for GORDON should have been urged with all the resources and power of England. It was an emergency in which the vigor, the promptitude, and the enthusiasm of Lord CHATHAM a hundred and thirty years ago might well have been recalled and imitated.

The immediate question is the relief of GORDON and the restoration of the British prestige. A vote of want of confidence in the GLADSTONE government will be probably moved, and the hostility of "society" and the clubs against Mr. GLADSTONE, which has a weight in England disproportioned to its extent, will demand his resignation. Meanwhile intelligent Englishmen may wisely ask themselves how it is that England seems never to be prepared to begin great enterprises adequately. The opening of the Crimean campaign should have been a warning not soon to be forgotten. A nation which proposes to be felt everywhere must be thorough in preparation, endless in resources, and swift in action. The crisis is one which will test the government to the utmost, and every man who has watched with sympathy the great statesman who is at the head of the government will earnestly hope that the end of his political career is not to be associated with personal disaster to General GORDON.

CONVICT LABOR.

THERE are about one hundred and thirty convict prisons in the United States, and there are some forty-five thousand convicts at work under sentence. There are three chief methods of employing the labor—the public account system, the common contract system, and the mixed or piece-price system. Under the first, the prison furnishes stock, and sells the product of the convict labor; under the second, the contractors furnish everything, and pay stipulated wages for the labor of the convicts; under the last, the prison contracts with outsiders to supply stock, and to take the product at a specified price. This, like the first plan, leaves the entire control of the labor with the prison authorities. The second plan, the common contract system, has been discontinued in New York. It is approved by some prison authorities, notably by Mr. BAKER, the Superintendent of Prisons, but it was condemned by others, and it was denounced by political leaders. The question was submitted to popular vote, and the result was interpreted by Governor HILL and the Legislature as a rejection of the system.

Superintendent BAKER argues that the discontinuance of the contract system will not be beneficial, but, until further legislation, prison labor must be employed on State account. To this he is opposed. He says that such a system is not demanded by sanitary, or moral, or reformatory, or financial reasons, nor because of any deterioration in the contract system. Upon some of these points, however, there is a very decided difference of opinion among prison reformers. As for competition with free labor outside the prisons, he says that this question, reduced to figures, is simply, whether the interests of the million wage earners in New York are injured because twenty-three hundred men in prison do in eight different industries the work of fourteen hundred outside laborers. Is it better for the public welfare to tax the people to support the twenty-three hundred in idleness or useless labor

than to employ them and make them support themselves?

Mr. HOWE, who has given much attention to the subject, has introduced a bill providing for the employment of prison labor for State or county account, and for the piece-price system where there is no "plant" in the prison. This will employ the convicts under prison supervision. But it will be more expensive, and will not avoid competition with outside labor. The most important consideration in the question, however, is the reformation of the convict, not the expense of the prison nor the outside competition. If the convicts are not maintained in idleness, there must be such competition, and the method of employment must be determined by considerations of reformation and discipline. While there are sincere differences of opinion upon the subject, we are inclined to believe that the general plan recommended by Mr. HOWE would be acceptable to those who look first at the good effect upon the prisoner.

JOHN ADAMS AND CAPTAIN PRESTON.

IN his admirable memoir of *John Adams*, which is just published in the series of "American Statesmen," Mr. JOHN T. MORSE, Jun., the editor of the series, in alluding to the trial of Captain PRESTON and the British soldiers for their part in the "Boston massacre" of 1770, says: "In fact, his entire remuneration for all services rendered to all his eight clients was only nineteen guineas, which were not accompanied or followed by so much as even a courteous word of thanks from PRESTON."

If, however, after the trial PRESTON omitted to thank Mr. ADAMS personally, he was very grateful for the consideration shown him by the citizens of Boston at the time of the massacre. The affair occurred on the 5th of March, 1770, and a week afterward Captain PRESTON wrote the following letter, which appeared in the Boston *Gazette and Country Journal*:

"BOSTON GAOL, Monday, 12 *March*, 1770.

"MESSIEURS EDES & GILL,—Permit me through the channel of your paper to return my Thanks in the most Publick Manner to the Inhabitants in general of this Town, who throwing aside all Party and Prejudice have with the utmost Humanity and Freedom stept forth Advocates for Truth in Defence of my injured Innocence in the late unhappy Affair that happened on Monday Night last: And to assure them that I shall ever have the highest sense of the Justice they have done me, which will be ever gratefully remembered by

"Their much obliged and most obedient, humble Servant,

"THOMAS PRESTON."

Captain PRESTON is said to have disappeared from Boston immediately after his trial, which took place in the following October. It would be interesting to know if he served against the Yankees in the war.

GEORGE ELIOT.

THE *Life of George Eliot*, which is just issued by the HARPERS, is duly noticed elsewhere in the WEEKLY by a most competent hand. But it is well worthy of further mention as a remarkable and beautiful picture of character and activity. So little was personally known of the famous author, and even her portrait was so unfamiliar, that the story of her life has a singular charm of freshness, revealing a character much sweeter and softer than the general impression of it. The name of George Eliot was veiled in a scholarly austerity and seclusion, which are dissipated by actual knowledge.

But with all the generous appreciation of others—and in this the memoir is a striking contrast to that of CARLYLE—the intellectual superiority and the high training of this remarkable woman are conspicuous. In mental power she seems to surpass the most distinguished English women, and certainly in literary genius none of them surpass her.

She felt truly the nature of her gifts, and she took no demonstrative part in many movements with which she intellectually sympathized. Her political sympathies were as radical as Miss MARTINEAU'S, but she was less identified with specific reforms, and shunned the prominence of active leadership. Her domestic life was most happy, and its serene atmosphere of content contrasts strangely with that troubled Chelsea interior which has been recently so ruthlessly disclosed. It should be added that Mr. CROSS, the husband of George Eliot, has edited the *Life* with the utmost tact and tenderness and skill, and that it is altogether one of the most interesting of literary biographies.

MANUAL OF THE REFORMED CIVIL SERVICE.

AN invaluable manual for all persons who wish to understand precisely the scope and extent of the reformed system in the national, State, and municipal service, the character of the examinations, and every desirable detail of the subject, is the admirable work of Mr. JOHN M. COMSTOCK, which is just published by Messrs. HENRY HOLT & Co., *The Civil Service in the United States*. Mr. COMSTOCK is the chairman of the United States Board of Examiners for the customs service in New York—a gentleman of great experience in the public service, and thoroughly familiar with the reformed system. His book contains a complete register of all the places in the civil service of the United States, with their emoluments, whether classified or unclassified, under the existing law and regulations. It contains also the law and the rules, with practical directions for applicants, and specimens of examination papers in the different branches of the classified service. The work embraces also the details of the reformed State and municipal system of New York and Massachusetts, the two States in which it has been organized. It is, in fact, a comprehensive and complete manual of practical information upon the subject, the first of the kind ever published in the country.

Mr. COMSTOCK'S manual is intended solely to give information. But its detailed exposition of the character of the examinations is one of the most powerful arguments for the reformed system. Let any intelligent man, after listening to the theories of the politicians, and reflecting upon the old methods of selection for public employment, turn to this book and scan the practical reform, and acknowledge which promises to secure the more efficient and economical service. The testimony upon this point from the heads of the great departments, State and national, and from the most important officers in the service, is conclusive. Secretaries, collectors, and postmasters of the largest responsibility may safely be supposed to know as much of the subject as professional and trading politicians; and members of the New York Legislature, who are now urged to cripple the reform law by a variety of exemptions and exceptions, may usefully weigh the testimony of experienced administrators against the sneers of professional politicians, and compare the authentic statements of Mr. COMSTOCK'S manual with the assertions of buncombe orators.

Defects in the methods of enforcing the law when plainly shown can be easily remedied. And it must be always remembered that the object of reform is not to lessen executive responsibility, but to enable it to be exercised for the highest public benefit. The reform is in its nature an executive reform, and the rules of the commissions are substantially executive orders. They derive all their validity from executive approval. The national and State commissions and the municipal advisory committees are merely aids to the Chief Executive in the discharge of his duties. The more thorough the investigation of the details of the reformed system, the better for reform. We do not believe that the Legislature will find any good reason for weakening the law, and it will easily penetrate the motives of those who, by multiplying and extending the exceptions, are merely endeavoring to evade and nullify the law.

THE COMING CHOLERA.

THE appearance of cholera in this country in the spring is confidently expected. The pestilence makes its sure and complete tour of the globe, and although the former virulence of the disease seems to be somewhat modified, and the terror which accompanied it has declined, yet the panic of last year in southern France and in Italy shows how deeply it can stir the popular mind. A violent outbreak of the epidemic in the city of New York would certainly alarm the whole country, and the loss to the city in every way would be very great.

It is not surprising that intelligent and public-spirited citizens are already moving to take measures to place the city in a proper condition for its ghastly guest. To make the city as clean as possible is to make the shortest work with the pestilence. It battens upon filth of all kinds, and the methods of proper sanitation are now known to experts, and need only to be generally and wisely applied. The paramount duty of New York in prospect of the cholera is to clean itself and to keep itself clean. This is a wiser course than to await its arrival, and then hope to escape it by hanging a little bag of camphor around the neck.

A volunteer organization has been established which imposes no pecuniary obligation upon its members, and which is designed only to sustain and stimulate the official authorities, to improve the sanitary condition of the members' own houses, and to look out for the safety of persons dependent upon members. It is merely the moral support which a large array of good names will give to the sanitary movement which is desired. In suburban villages where there is no active board of health, an association of citizens to inspect thoroughly all doubtful places and to secure their purification would be very serviceable, and where there is a board of health the sanitary association could lend it, perhaps, organized assistance. There should be an "uprising" of the city to wage war with the cholera, and if it occurred in good time, the terrible foe would be repulsed. Those who wish to enroll themselves may address Mr. C. F. WINGATE, in Hanover Square, for information.

PERSONAL.

THE late PORTER C. BLISS, journalist, scholar, and diplomate, wrote his own obituary notices on his death-bed at St. Luke's Hospital, and gave them to the reporters in the shape of interviews. His resolution and fortitude in the midst of suffering, and the pathetic sadness of his story, won their hearts.

—President ARTHUR has sent a message to Congress asking it to enable him to nominate General GRANT as General on the retired list. Meanwhile the General is living very quietly at his house, No. 3 East Sixty-sixth Street, devoting himself to literary work, with Colonel FRED D. GRANT as assistant in verifying references. He has not smoked a cigar since the 20th of November.

—Mr. JEFF DAVIS declares that JOHN C. CALHOUN had more sound common-sense than any man he ever knew; that ANDREW JACKSON was a greater man, if judged by results; that JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was the best-equipped man he ever knew; and that General ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON was the ablest man, civil or military, that the Confederacy produced.

—On his recent visit to New York, President-elect CLEVELAND travelled like an ordinary citizen, and went to neither of the great hotels that expected to entertain him. Mr. CLEVELAND has declined hundreds of invitations to receptions at clubs and elsewhere, and his journey to Washington will be characterized by Democratic simplicity.

—Monsignor CAPEL criticises the desks of our school-rooms. They are so nearly flat, he says, that the children sitting at them must become near-sighted or else round-shouldered. He thinks that the type used by some of our daily papers is too fine.

—Some time ago Lord WOLSELEY wrote: "Newspaper correspondents and all that race of drones are incumbrances to the army. They eat the rations of the fighting men and do no work. What is written by them is believed by the army, and will soon be credited by the enemy, having reached the latter through the medium of those newly invented curses to armies, namely, newspaper correspondents."

—The market price of the first edition of Mr. JAY GOULD'S *History of Delaware County* is greater than the market price of the first edition of BRYANT'S poems, of HAWTHORNE'S "Marble Faun," or of LONGFELLOW'S "Hyperion."

—Mr. JOHN BRIGHT, now seventy-four years old, delivered at Birmingham on the 29th of January one of the most eloquent speeches of his life. He regretted that farmers in the United States are not permitted to exchange their products with artisans of that city or weavers of Lancashire, but are compelled to exchange with protected manufacturers in their own country, who in some cases do not give half of what the farmers could get from the Lancashire or Birmingham manufacturers. He strongly denounced war as a means of settling international controversies. During Queen VICTORIA'S reign, he said, England's wars had cost her $750,000,000 and the lives of 68,000 men.

—CHARLES DICKENS (writes his daughter) was always anxious to impress upon children the belief that as long as they were honest and truthful they would have justice done them. "In the little world in which children have their existence," he said, "whosoever brings them up, there is nothing so finely perceived and so finely felt as injustice. It may be only small injustice that the child is exposed to, but the child is small, and its rocking-horse stands as many hands high, according to scale, as a big-boned Irish hunter."

—It is nine years since Mr. MOODY held his famous revival services in the Madison Square Garden in this city. His hair has not become gray, and his voice has increased in sympathetic quality and in range. He is at present preaching to immense crowds at New Brunswick, New Jersey, having, as usual, the hearty co-operation of all the pastors of the city.

—The names of President ARTHUR and ex-Governor HOFFMAN having been mentioned in connection with the presidency of Union College, the Albany *Express* recites its conviction that neither of the gentlemen could suffer loss of dignity by taking the place once occupied by ELIPHALET NOTT.

—Mr. E. D. MORGAN, son of the late ex-Governor of New York, is having an ideal trip around the world in his fine steam-yacht, the *Amy*, which a few days ago touched at Singapore. His guests are Mr. and Mrs. YZNAGA, Miss YZNAGA, and Mr. RUTHERFORD, all of this city.

—The marriage of Mr. GEORGE EARLE BUCKLE, editor of the London *Times*, to Miss ALICE PAYN, daughter of the novelist so well known to the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, was solemnized in London January 22. The officiating clergyman was the father, and the best man the brother, of the groom, while three of the bridemaids were sisters of the bride, and the other two, cousins of the groom. Some of the most familiar names of literary and artistic London were included in the list of guests.

—The uncertainty in which the fate of GORDON was left by the first announcement of the fall of Khartoom may be dispelled when this number of the WEEKLY reaches its readers. Whether the surrender be the actual termination of GORDON'S life or not, it can hardly fail to have been the close of his strange career. The story of that career as told by ARCHIBALD FORBES, in *Chinese Gordon*, published, with a portrait and twenty-three illustrations, in the "Franklin Square Library," is therefore complete, and will attract renewed attention now that it is decided that the heroic courage and endurance of its subject have been manifested in vain.

—Lieutenant-General SHERIDAN, as seen by a Washington correspondent a few days ago: His red, weather-beaten face does not show any new lines of advancing age, but his grizzly iron-gray mustache and imperial are whitening very fast. He is very popular in Washington, but not so popular with the ladies as General SHERMAN was. He is fonder of staying at home than he is of going about in society. He takes more pleasure in paying attention to his own wife than to other men's wives. It will be ten years before he can be retired.

—Mr. LOWE, Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*, is engaged in writing a biography of Prince BISMARCK, which will appear in the spring.

—Professor FELIX ADLER: "Man is brave, that is, he can overcome obstacles; woman is fair. 'None but the brave deserve the fair,' and none but the fair deserve the brave. The woman who possesses neither beauty of form and feature nor beauty of character is unsexed. We judge man by what he does, and woman by what she is. Only of late has it been admitted that woman has intellect, and is not merely a creature of sentiment. Man's intellect is fitted for generalization, woman's for specialization."

—Mr. HUMPHREY MOORE, the artist, is meeting with much success in Paris. He can not talk nor hear, having been born a deaf-mute, but he can see, and he can paint. One of his new pictures—a Spanish dancing scene in the Alhambra, with dark-eyed, handsome señoritas taking part—has been sold for $7000. He is endowed with almost a FORTUNY sense of color.

—Mr. CYRUS W. FIELD has issued invitations for a reception to be given to his brother Mr. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD on his eightieth birthday, February 13. Nobody who meets the venerable jurist would suspect him of having attained the fourscore years he carries so lightly. In an interview with a newspaper reporter not long ago, Mr. FIELD said: "My recipe for self-preservation is exercise. I am a firm believer in exercise." Going into details, he added that he walked from his house to his office, a distance of four miles, every morning, and walked back every afternoon. Moreover, he took a horseback ride daily for an hour before breakfast.

—Mr. EDMUND YATES writes from Holloway Jail: "I am very well, and in most rollicking spirits. I have proved what I always imagined, that stone walls do not make a prison, if arranged with that view. I am treated with perfect courtesy, and with such relaxation of strict rule as is permissible by law to persons in my position. I am endeavoring to do my duty in that state of life into which I have been sent."

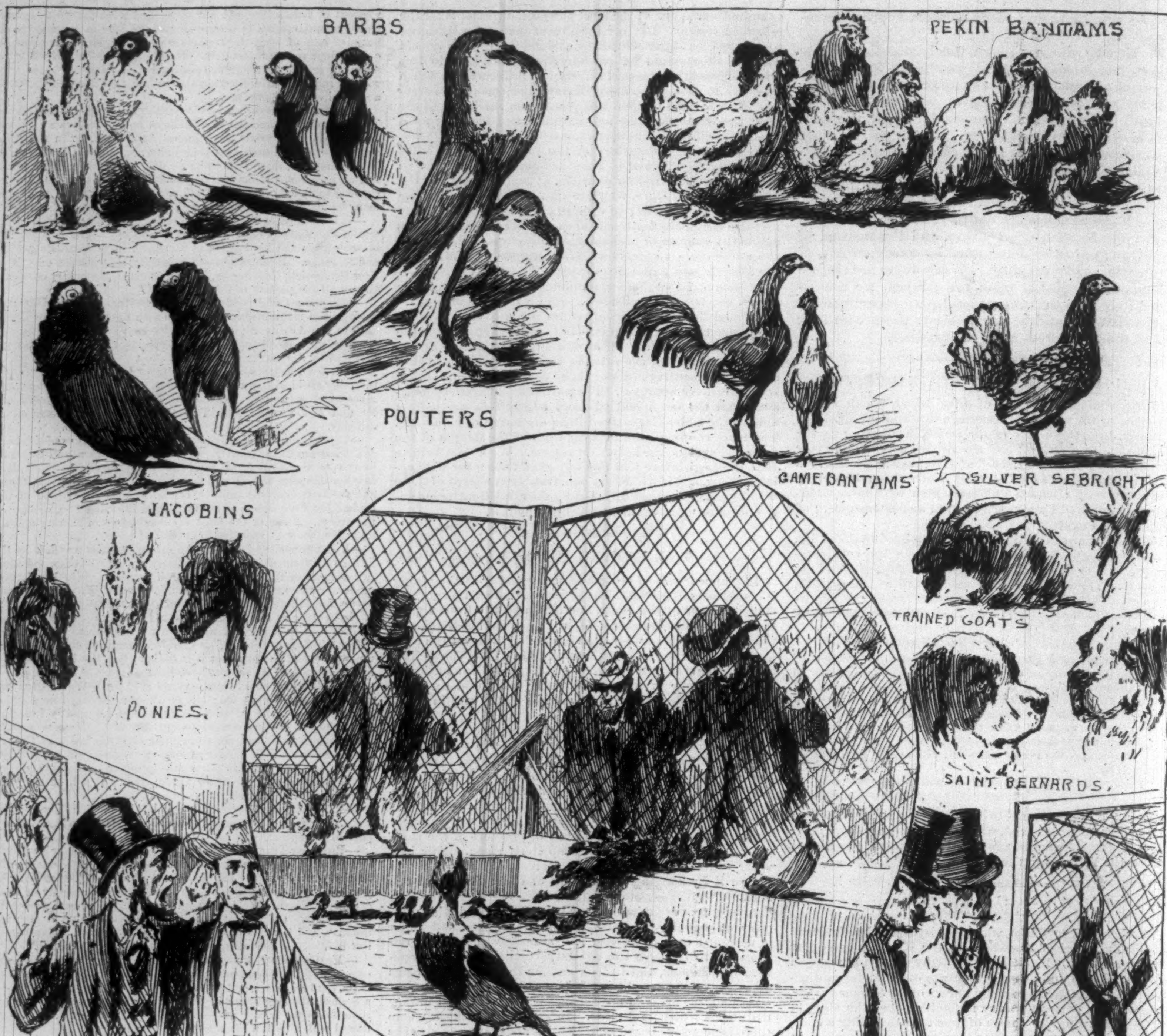
—General FITZ-JOHN PORTER has asked the President to reappoint and nominate him to a suitable vacancy which may exist or may occur in the army. His appeal, he says, is "prompted by a deep sense of the wrong and injustice done me, and of my right to receive the utmost measure of vindication that can be accorded to me. Conscious of my innocence and of the justness and righteousness of my cause, I would respectfully but earnestly appeal to you to take such action as can now be had for the purpose of restoring me to a position of which I was so unjustly and cruelly deprived."

—Admiral COURBET, of the French naval forces in China, has a tall, slender figure, pink complexion, white hair, and cordial manners. His appearance is not unlike that of General HOOKER.

—Mr. EDWIN BOOTH'S latest engagement in this city was the occasion of the warmest greetings he has yet received from both the press and the public. A beautiful personal trait, which one of these days will be mentioned in the history of the American drama, is his devotion to his only daughter and child, whose proud affection for her father has long been the chief inspiration of his professional career.

—Mr. ROBERT BONNER'S interest in Maud S. extends to the last details of her food, her harness, and her shoeing, and is as intelligent as that of any amateur horseman that ever lived. He handles the reins with consummate grace, and with a fearlessness to which a tried professional like FRED ARCHER confesses himself a stranger.

—Mr. RICHARD T. ELY'S striking article upon the city of Pullman in the current number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE evokes, as was to be expected, criticism from various points of view. The conclusion that all the practical advantages a benevolent despot could confer upon his people are dear at the price of even a benevolent despotism is that to which most thoughtful Americans must come. It would be a great pity, however, if this conclusion were to deter rich men from an acknowledgment of the social responsibility entailed upon them by wealth. One correspondent writes: "Before going to Pullman I thought it a city of homes; after living there a year, I thought 'a city without a home' would be a more appropriate appellation. Your article does no injustice; more might be said. It is indeed a beautiful city, but 'better a dinner of herbs.'"



ODDS AND ENDS AT THE FANCIERS' SHOW.—Sketches by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 103.]

YSEULT DUDLEY.—Drawn from Life at the City Prison by C. W. Weldon.—[See Page 103.]

"CHINESE GORDON," THE DEFENDER OF KHARTOOM.

"I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO EAT."—[See Serial "Adrian Vidal," Page 102.]

A LIGHT HEART AND A TRUE.

SOMEBODY has no Valentine;
A simple country lass is she,
And in a lonely place she dwells
In lowly cot beside the sea.
Just seventeen her years; her hair
Is golden, and her eyes are blue.
No witching beauty she; but ah!
She has a light heart and a true.

Somebody works the whole day long;
Her hands, though small, are strong and brown,
And lack, she fears, the dainty touch
That maidens' have who live in town.
Somebody sings from morn till night
Songs that are scarce worth list'ning to;
And not a talent has she; but
She has a light heart and a true.

Somebody does not care for wealth;
Somebody shrinks from pomp and pride;
Her lover might be poor, and yet
For him her door would open wide.
Somebody wears a cotton gown;
Somebody's wants are very few.
Now who will be her Valentine,
And gain a light heart and a true?

ADRIAN VIDAL.*

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "THIRLBY HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

HERIOT'S WEDDING PRESENT.

THE happy summer time stole on with scarcely a cloud, material or metaphorical, to dim its brightness. Every now and again a heavy shower would sweep in from the westward, converting the steep streets of Polruth into running water-courses for half an hour or so; but this year the elements seemed to have entered into a conspiracy to make two lovers happy; and day after day the sky and the sea were blue, and the rocks and islets of the coast slept in a golden haze, while Clare and Adrian wandered about together, repeating the old phrases which never suffer by repetition, while the boys, giving up this couple as hopeless, reverted to their ordinary pastimes, and while Mrs. Irvine scoured the country in search of eligible residences.

If there was a gloomy face in the household, it was that which rose above Heriot's bowed shoulders. He had congratulated his friend, and had said all that was pretty and appropriate to Miss Irvine; but he had not managed to conceal from either of them the misgivings which he felt with regard to this marriage, and it was but natural that they should resent his unspoken disapproval. Therefore the news of his approaching departure was not greeted with that general chorus of protest which he was accustomed to hear annually from his hospitable friends at Cardrew. Mrs. Irvine, however, was loud in her reproaches.

"You have never given us less than a month before," she exclaimed, "and it is too bad of you to run away like this, just when I am in need of somebody to consult with. I know you think me a silly old woman for wanting to keep Clare near us; but that is no reason why you should deprive me of the benefit of your advice now that the thing is decided upon; and I am sure no one who has not had to look about for houses can have any idea of how difficult it is to find what you want. As for those two, I can't move them to take the slightest interest in the matter. They say that anything with four walls and a roof will do, and that they are quite content to leave it to me—which is so absurd; because it is they, not I, who will have to live in the house. Well, I must do the best I can. I suppose we shall see no more of you now until next summer?"

"Oh, you haven't quite seen the last of me yet," answered Heriot, with a laugh. "I have been asked to stay with the St. Austells, and I dare say we can contrive one or two meetings before I leave Cornwall. So that the blow will be softened."

He did not add that the spare room at Cardrew might very possibly be coveted by one who had a better right than he to occupy it; although this was one of the reasons which had led him to hasten his leave-taking.

Adrian made no comment upon the subject one way or the other, but that evening, when he had bidden the family good-night and was setting off for his lodgings, Heriot surprised him a little by saying, "I think I'll just walk down with you, Adrian, and smoke a pipe before I go to bed."

"All right," answered the young man. "Come along, and I'll give you a whiskey and soda, or whatever it is that your doctor allows you to drink." But he was not very much delighted, for he thought, "Now I'm in for another lecture," and it seemed to him that it was rather too late in the day to deliver or listen to lectures.

However, Heriot did not seem to have very much to say, after all. He walked almost in silence from the house to the village, and afterward, at Vidal's lodgings, sat smoking for half an hour with a preoccupied air, and replying in monosyllables to the remarks addressed to him. It was only when he had risen to go that he came to the point.

"You are to be married some time in the autumn, I suppose?" he said, somewhat brusquely.

"I believe so. Nothing is absolutely settled yet."

"Yes, well, I wanted to say that I'm afraid I sha'n't be able to come to the wedding."

"Why, my dear fellow," exclaimed Adrian, "I was counting upon you to do best man."

"Ah, I had the vanity to imagine that perhaps you might honor me so far; and that is why I thought I had better beg you at once to ask somebody else. I am sure you won't accuse me of unfriendliness; but, you see, my health is so uncertain—and in the autumn I generally have to move south—and—and altogether, I am afraid I shall have to content myself with being with you in the spirit when the day comes."

He spoke with some hesitation and embarrassment; and Vidal, perceiving that these excuses were not genuine, was the least bit in the world offended. But he answered, good-humoredly enough: "Just as you think best, old chap. We shall all miss you, of course; but if you're in Egypt, you can't be in Cornwall, that's certain."

"No; just so—that's it, you see," said Heriot; "and if I am not quite as far off as Egypt, I may very likely be on my way there; so that it would be best not to reckon upon me. And, Adrian," he added, producing an envelope from his pocket, and still speaking in the same flurried, uncertain manner, "I thought I would take this opportunity of giving you my wedding present. I have ventured to put it in the coarse and practical form of a check, because one wishes one's friends to buy what they will like, and how am I to know what would please a young lady?"

Adrian took the envelope, and mumbled his thanks after the usual fashion. But it appeared that Heriot had still something to add. "It's—it's for a rather larger amount than one generally gives as a wedding present," he said; "but I hope you won't mind that, and that you'll take it as it is meant. You know, I have more money than I can spend, and it occurred to me that furnishing, and setting up house, and all that— Besides which, I have my doubts about this Cornish establishment. I think it will have to be London, most likely, after all; and then, perhaps, a few extra tables and chairs, you know, might come in useful."

"I couldn't accept more than a certain amount, Heriot," said Vidal, somewhat alarmed by this incoherent explanation.

"Well, it isn't more than a certain amount," returned Heriot, sharply. "Don't be silly; I'm not offering you a fortune. Now good-night, and may you never need a friend to help you out of trouble to the end of your days! But if you ever should, you know where to apply."

So the two men shook hands, and Heriot made for the door. But on the threshold he halted again irresolutely. "Look here, Adrian," he said; "I don't want to preach, but the old Adam is strong in me, and I must say one word. You are going to marry a girl who has had no experience of life whatsoever. She knows nothing, literally nothing, about it, and when she goes to London she will hear and see many things which she won't like. Well, you are prepared for that, no doubt; still, it may make you impatient at the time. Don't be impatient with her, and don't let her lose faith in you. Because, although she can easily be made happy, she can also be easily made unhappy, and I don't think she can very easily forgive."

Vidal nodded and smiled. The advice might be a little superfluous, but doubtless it was well meant. After Heriot had gone he opened the envelope, and found that it contained a check for £1000.

CHAPTER XIII.

LADY ST. AUSTELL.

BY far the greatest man in the neighborhood of Polruth was Sydney George, third Earl of St. Austell and eighth Viscount Blaise; but his local greatness was due rather to the fact that he owned nearly the whole of the surrounding district than to any personal qualities that he might possess, for of these not much was known to Cornish folk. He spent but a very short time out of each year at Blaise Castle, having estates in other parts of England which he preferred; and during that short time his tall, bony figure, his hook nose, and purple whiskers were seldom exhibited to an admiring tenantry. In London, on the other hand, as well as at Newmarket, Melton, Cowes, and other resorts of fashionable society, he was, if not great, at all events famous. All his life long he had gone in lavishly for every form of amusement which costs money, and although he had been, upon the whole, successful on the turf, the racing stud which he still kept up in his old age must have swallowed a very much larger annual amount than it returned. He had, however, always been wealthy, and was, moreover, declared by those who had reason to know to be an exceedingly sharp man of business. It is probable that the sums which he lost at play during the early years of the century were not so enormous as was currently reported. Why such a man should have been popular it would be rather hard to say, for he possessed no single virtue, except that of physical courage; but that he did enjoy popularity of a certain kind is undeniable. He had been three times married. His first two wives, it was said, had succumbed to his fascinations, as a great many other people's wives had done, had married him out of pure affection, and had died broken-hearted on discovering that other people's wives interested him considerably more than his own.

The third and last Lady St. Austell had not accepted the coronet offered to her from any such motives, and was in no danger of incurring so melancholy a fate. It might have seemed like a piece of poetical justice that this old reprobate should have found himself at the end of his career linked to a partner many years younger than himself, whose flirtations were common talk; but Lord St. Austell, as it happened, was quite cognizant of his wife's peculiarities, and didn't care a bit. She amused him, which was more than either of her predecessors had been able to do. He took a malicious kind of pleasure in watching her, in seeing how far she would venture to go, and in condoling with her when she failed—as she occasionally did—to capture the particular admirer whom she coveted. Sometimes he succeeded in making her angry by leading her to the glass and pointing out that she was growing stout and losing her complexion—which was great fun. Sometimes, too, he frightened her; and that was better fun still. He knew very well that she would never overstep the thin boundary line which separates mere indiscretion from downright folly. Perhaps he would not have minded very much if she had; but he liked to let her feel, from time to time, that he had the whip-hand of her, and would crack the whip for the satisfaction of seeing her scared.

After all, he knew very little about her, for they were seldom together. He thought her a silly sort of woman, and so, no doubt, she was; but he had not troubled himself to examine closely into her character, nor had he any suspicion that she was in reality a philosopher of his own school. Heriot, who had been all his life acquainted with this thoroughly egotistical yet not unamiable lady, found her an even more amusing study than her husband did. Her emotions were genuine; she had learned the trick of stimulating them. Fortunately they were also shallow, and did not "delve the parallels on beauty's brow" which she dreaded more than anything else in the world. As the sense of humor was developed in her to a greater extent than is common among women, Heriot and she sometimes had an unexpected laugh together, which refreshed them both.

Almost the first thing that she said to him, after he arrived at Blaise Castle from Cardrew, was: "You find me in the depth of despair. I don't know when in my life before I have felt so miserably low-spirited."

"Dear me!" said Heriot. "Has anything happened to Charley, or Jimmy, or whatever his name was?"

"Johnny. Johnny Spencer. You know what a charming young fellow he was. Always so cheery and pleasant and—"

"And so devoted to you. But why do you speak of him in the past tense? Is he dead?"

Lady St. Austell sighed. "No; but I am sorry to say that I have had to marry him to an heiress. It has left me very much depressed, though the match was an excellent one as far as that goes, and you can easily understand how it became necessary. *He* was beginning to be so disagreeable that I felt things couldn't go on much longer as they had been doing."

The emphasized pronoun referred to Lord St. Austell, whom her ladyship was often pleased to represent as a jealous tyrant.

"You will have to get another," said Heriot.

"Ah, no! I shall never be as fond of any one again as I was of him. Why do you laugh? I suppose you think yourself much wiser than I am because you have never chosen to advance a step beyond friendship with any woman. Well, you are wrong. You miss the greatest blessing of existence."

"Very likely. But as nature has treated me rather unkindly in the matter of features, and as my health won't allow me to be a marrying man, perhaps I may be consulting my peace better by letting love alone."

"What on earth has marriage to say to the question? Or features either, for that matter? You might spend some very happy hours, if you chose; but you don't choose, because you are afraid of losing your peace. Well, I grant you that your peace would have to go for a time; but supposing it did? Is peace such a treasure? If peace were all one wanted, one might as well be an old cow at once. I don't recommend you to fall in love with a girl, for girls naturally think about establishing themselves, and you are well off; but surely among your acquaintances you might find some married woman whom you could care for."

"Wouldn't that be rather immoral?" asked Heriot.

"Certainly not. You are not going to call me immoral, I hope! Now you know how perfectly innocent all my little affairs of that kind have been. Disinterested too, as I have proved by my behavior in Johnny Spencer's case. I have never tried to keep myself from indulging in a platonic love for any one toward whom I have felt drawn, and I never will. Do you think that does them or me any harm? Harm!—why, it does us the greatest possible good. It brings out all the noblest qualities of our characters; it enables us to forget the dreary boredom of everyday life, and, for my own part, even if the individual doesn't happen to care for me, I am always glad to have the power of feeling such a pure and delightful emotion."

"In other words, it is the emotion that you love, and not the individual."

"Well, I love the individual for giving me the emotion. Believe me, there is nothing else in life that is worth the trouble. I have tried most things, so I can speak with some authority. Do you know, I remind myself very much of a character in a novel that I was reading the other day, called *Society*, or some such name. Have you seen it?"

"If you mean *Satiety*," answered Heriot, "it is by a friend of mine; a man named Vidal, who is in Cornwall at this moment."

"You don't say so!" cried Lady St. Austell, with quickened interest. "Is he young? Is he good-looking? Is he the sort of person whom one could ask to one's house?" "He is young, he is good-looking, and he is the sort of person who would be calculated to reflect credit upon his hostess," replied Heriot, gravely. "Also, he is engaged to be married. His future wife is the only daughter of my friends the Irvines."

"I should like to meet him, all the same," said Lady St. Austell, pensively. "So he is going to marry that pretty Miss Irvine, is he? He might amuse me. Do you think he would amuse me?"

"I dare say he would," answered Heriot; "only, as he is engaged—"

"Yes, yes, I know; don't be absurd. We will have the Irvines to dinner one day next week. I don't much like the old lady, because she always bothers one so for subscriptions, but we really ought to show them some civility. Now I come to think of it, I believe we haven't asked them to dinner for two years."

The result of this conversation was that Mrs. Irvine received a friendly note the next morning, in which Lady St. Austell congratulated her upon her daughter's approaching marriage, and begged her, as well as Mr. and Miss Irvine, to "join a few friends at dinner" on the following Thursday. "And we shall be so glad," continued the writer, "if you can persuade Mr. Vidal to come with you. Please tell him that he needs no introduction to me, for I already know him through his very clever book, which I have read with the greatest interest."

"Now this is most fortunate!" exclaimed Mrs. Irvine, after reading the above sentences aloud, and laying down the note upon the breakfast table. "I was just wondering how I could manage to get hold of Lord St. Austell, and put in a word for those poor fishermen. I am a little bit afraid of him, I confess; but it would never do to let such an opportunity slip. Of course we must accept. You will come, won't you?" she added, turning to Vidal, who was now staying in the house.

"Oh, certainly," he answered. He had not been insensible to Lady St. Austell's flattering reference to himself, and was rather surprised when Clare confided to him afterward that she had hoped he would decline.

"Why? Would you prefer to be without my company?" he asked, smiling.

"You need not ask that question," she replied; "but don't you think it was rather impertinent of her to invite you in that way? It sounded as if—as if—"

"As if what?"

"Well, as if she only wanted you to come because you had written a book that amused her."

Vidal laughed. "But, do you know," he said, "I don't find that an insulting reason. Of course you and I are aware that my acquaintance is an inestimable boon in itself; but we can't expect Lady St. Austell to have discovered that, since she has never been fortunate enough to see me. If reading my book has given her a desire to see me, why shouldn't she say so?"

"I am sure you won't like her," said Clare. "She is a horrid old thing, who makes herself up with powder and paint, and has very disagreeable, artificial sort of manners. Even Mr. Heriot, who never will say a word against any of his friends, admits that she is bad style."

However, Vidal was unable to admit the justice of this criticism when he found himself face to face with the subject of it. The lady who received him at Blaise Castle was certainly not old, nor—so far as could be seen in the dim light—was she painted; and if her manner was artificial, it was far from being disagreeable. She had a vivacious little face, with bright eyes, a retroussé nose, and very red lips. It was not exactly pretty, but it was decidedly attractive. Her figure had probably been prettier some years back; it was now somewhat too full for beauty.

These details he noted as he followed the Irvines into a spacious room full of people. Lady St. Austell did not detain him, having other guests to welcome, and being more alive than her husband was to the advisability of keeping upon good terms with the squirearchy. The "few friends" of whom she had spoken in her note of invitation in reality comprised every decent person who dwelt within a twelve-mile radius of the castle, and it was easy to foresee that the impending dinner would be as long and dull as such overgrown entertainments always are. Vidal, who at this particular period of his life had eyes for only one person, was not interested in the assemblage, and found the conversation of the lady whom he subsequently took into the dining-room extremely tedious. The same causes which prevented him from doing justice to the company interfered with his appreciation of the dinner, which was nevertheless an excellent one, for Lord St. Austell was not the man to put up with indifferent cooking.

"I'll tell you what to eat," Vidal heard him saying, confidentially, to the stout dowager who sat on his right hand. "Put yourself into my hands, and you needn't be afraid of taking anything that will disagree with you. I suppose you are like me and suffer from a fit of gout every now and then, don't you? You look as if you did?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1463.

GEORGE ELIOT.

"THE lesson that *will* get itself learned," said Frederick Robertson, "is a good one." One is inclined to write these words upon the fly-leaf of this memorial, but for a certain deferent hesitation that holds the hand suspended. What petty human touch should scrawl across a tablet whereon, so much more conspicuously than upon most human lives, the finger of God has written with a power only equalled by a mysterious reserve? It is rare that the arrangement of an individual career is so absolutely taken out of the revision of the average judgment, and stereotyped before the perplexed eyes in a page so grave, so great, one may almost write so impersonal.

We use the word impersonal in the full tide of the solemnity with which we lay down the book given us by the husband of George Eliot's last days, as the final and authoritative expression of domestic love and reverence to the story of her life.

Impersonal that story may be called by the depth of consciousness we have that it was a life selected and set to an end larger than any individual, and to a grasp upon humanity overreaching any single phase of truth. To put ourselves

to solving for her the problems in the life of "a nature" like this woman, is not unlike arranging the march of civilization or the laws of climate. The time had come for her. The world had ripened for her. Women needed her. Literature wanted her. Human powers and passions, conflicts and aspirations, called for her. Like an unexplored country or an undiscovered science, she was to be. One is almost tempted to say that she is an example of the element of sacrifice that goes into all discovery. In the broadest outlook on what must present themselves to us as the sadder features in her existence, it is hard to suppress the conviction that she was made a means to an end in a sense not always the case even with other great identities. There is a subtle inner sense within the sense, in which she lost or was led to lose in her personal experience some of the very sources of her noblest usefulness to the world. This is a thing to be more deeply felt than precisely said, and yet by those by whom it is felt at all, it will be felt with a tremulous sensitiveness which silence could only betray. The prevailing conviction with which we close these volumes is that her life was overruled for her—and for us—to a purpose greater than anything which she suffered, and than any mistake she made. She seems like the treasure-ship upon a mighty tide whose flood has borne her half "stereles, God wot," to the shore where fate had willed and need had called.

The three volumes in which Mr. Cross, as he modestly and tastefully puts it upon the title-page, has "arranged and edited" her life are almost entirely composed of George Eliot's own letters and journals hitherto unpublished. The biography is, in fact, an unconscious autobiography, of which her own words might say that "it is so written as to involve neither self-glorification nor impeachment of others." This work is done with delicacy and wisdom. One knows not which to admire more, the good taste or the high devotion of the husband into whose hands this difficult labor has fallen; and one has a keen sense of the grateful and womanly feeling with which she would have appreciated, or we may say must appreciate, both.

Mr. Cross had, indeed, no easy task. So conscientiously is he conscious of this, and so alert not to make the consciousness apparent, that it is not until we have finished the book and are gone well away outside of its penumbra that we begin to measure the marvellous skill with which he has woven his way among difficulties such as perhaps have never been met before in memorial literature. His own style, so far as he suffers himself to speak for her for whom it is his loyal, even his devout, purpose that she should everywhere and always "speak for herself," is simple, manly, straightforward English, pleasant to read.

One of the first things which move the reader of these pages is the deep solemnity of the life of which they are the record. To take the lowest form of this impression, we notice the reduced expression of the sense of humor, which is so vital an artery in her published work. In her private life, or at least in her private writing, the artery has become a vein. True, we are greeted now and then by the familiar smile, as when we are told that her fatiguing journey "lasted eight hours—one hour more than" she "paid for"; or when we read of the ugly shoebill in the Zoological Gardens, for whom she cherished an unrequited attachment; or when she bids a friend, "Take care of your cold as if it were an orphan's cold, or a widow's cold, or anybody's cold except your own." But for the most part these are the letters of a grave woman. In fact, there is something in the gravity of her nature no less than massive. It is not melancholia; that much-tormented and misplaced word depression would be a petty one for it. She does not mope; she is never maudlin, though she cries like a very woman, and in spite of ourselves we love her the better for it; and though with the instinct and habit of subjective genius, she often speaks her sadness out, trusting her friends, as if she believed that they cared to know how she feels or thinks. She seems to have been rich in friends who deserved this trust. She stood off from life—her own as well as that of others—and observed it with the conscientiousness and steadiness of the Greek chorus. She was terribly in earnest. She urgently objected to trifling talk and gossip. Everything went with her into the scale of its higher uses. She had a colossal sense of the relativity of human values.

It is a part of this earnestness which takes form in the immense laboriousness of her nature. She was from girlhood an instinctive reader. In maturity she was a passionate student. The mere lists of her work, which she tossed off as lightly as one might file receipts, are appalling to less vigorously acquisitive minds. We need only read how she and Mr. Lewes spent one week or one day, of the books they read, and the way they read them, to understand the breadth of learning, and patience in the use of it, which underlay the construction of *Romola*, one of the most human historical novels ever given to literature; the book of which Mr. Cross says that it ploughed into her life more than any other she wrote, and of which she herself says that she could put her finger on it as marking a well-defined transition for her—"I began it a young woman; I finished it an old woman."

These memoirs reveal the details and processes of that life-long toil and culture which have built the basis of her imaginative work, and have given her genius the form which has made her the greatest woman of literary history, if not the greatest woman of the world.

Speaking as a critic, it must be admitted that this laborious temperament in George Eliot gave a certain ponderousness to her. The faults of her style are all in that direction; to an extent, the faults of her mind. If the machinery did not actually creak, it now and then revolved with a leisure which is removed from the spontaneity of creative genius, and from the best spontaneity of her genius. It is curious to watch the reduction of this tendency in her development, as in another type of mind we watch the reducing of excessive impulse or agility. In her youth she was antique, unoriginal, imitative. At nineteen she corresponded with her young lady friends in Johnsonese.

We would not say that her natural seriousness was caused but that it was emphasized, by the undue share of ill health which fell to her—a share which these memoirs make for the first time fully apparent to the sympathy of the public. Devastating headaches—the headaches whose hopelessness and helplessness students know wisely and too well—go throbbing through these books at every few pages; and dyspepsia and exhausting chills and throat difficulties—one of which at last caused her death—appear and reappear with malign pertinacity throughout her life. While never posing as an invalid, she seems to have been a sick woman. The thwarted plans, interrupted work, acute suffering, which her notes record, give a marvellous accent to the will which fought and wrought its way through them to the creation of her great novels, and to the systematic study which was packed behind them. Besides this, Mr. Lewes was a sick man. It is not to be asked of those who have never been one of two invalids in the same family to comprehend the exquisite strain on the sympathies and the courage which this dual election to suffering involves.

"How impossible it is," she writes to her life-long friend Miss Sara Hennell, "for strong, healthy people to understand the way in which bodily *malaise* and suffering eat at the roots of one's life! The philosophy that is true—the religion that is strength to the healthy—is constantly emptiness to one when the head is distracted and every sensation oppressive." Again, writing of the "visitation of lingering pain," she calls it "the insurmountable calamity," though she adds, "there is an affectation in many people of underrating what they call bodily suffering."

In most lives there are what may be called the great numerators, by which the common denominator of experience is to be measured, as if one were to say six-tenths of such an event or act to four-tenths of such another, or three-tenths of this decision or quality to seven-tenths of that, compose the proportions of a given history. In the life of George Eliot there are two of these large numerators which no one on whom is thrown the duty of studying her memoirs for others, can ask to be allowed to overlook. One of these is the early and vital change of religious belief which turned her from a devout Christian of the most intense, even of the most sectarian and ascetic type, into one of the leaders of a little group of English Positivists, by whom all that the Christian world holds most sacred in faith and hope was abandoned.

The writer of this review holds it to be the first duty of the Christian believer to cherish such unruffled tolerance for the conscience of those who do not agree with him, as shall, if possible, serve for some common ground upon which unbelief may learn to respect, or even to understand, intelligent existing Christianity; and therefore hopes not to be interpreted by the light of a churlish, narrow spirit in saying that, to our view, the best of George Eliot's work in literature, and the best of her decisions in conduct, were made under the influence of her Christian faith—the faith which she had breathed, and fed upon, and assimilated, and wrought into the blood and bone and tissue and nerve and ganglion of her intellectual being, before she found what she thought a better.

By this we do not mean that she needed to hold the Christian faith, or to suppose herself to hold it, at the precise time of working out the Christian conception into Dinah Morris, or Mr. Tryan, or Savonarola. Let us ask in this connection, what would *Middlemarch*, for instance—in other respects the novel of the century—what would *Middlemarch* be, if there were a God in it, if prayer breathed over it, if hope of the life everlasting bounded through it, if the comfort that human misery gets, and *knows* that it gets, from the Man of Sorrows were folded round it?

The unbeliever in Christianity is quick to claim the genius of George Eliot as the product, exponent, and pride of Positivism. We point to her Christian nurture, her inheritance of faith, her brain-cells stencilled with Christian images, hopes, reverences, dreams of redeemed humanity—and answer: free her first from these! silence Dinah's prayer in the evening light at the meeting on the green; scoff away Rufus Lyon's thrilling religious consecration; blot out Savonarola's mighty spiritual defeat and victory; take away Janet, heart-broken and soul-saved at Mr. Tryan's dying bedside; keep back the sympathy of the Christian woman from Hetty in her cell; wring the soul of faith out of the beautiful body of George Eliot's great work—and see what you leave us. When you have done this, we will answer you again.

The other great numerator in the life of George Eliot was her relation to Mr. Lewes. All candid people know that what are called free-thinkers may be just as exact in moral decision as the strictest religious devotee, or may be even more so, from the effort of the nature to make up in conduct for what it has lost in belief. And therefore, again, we would not be misunderstood in suggesting that there may have been a connection here between belief and conduct not without at least an intellectual significance. Because in her case it seems to us as though the step which she took in the great decision of her life was so unlike herself, so unnatural to the trend of her whole being, that the long forcing process of nonconformity, and the acquired habit of bringing everything to a new standard, or even to an individual standard, consequent on the mental revolution involved in such a change of faith as hers, may have unconsciously prepared her for what followed. In saying this we mean prepared not her willfulness, or weakness, or vagary, but her *conscience* for it.

For, that this woman in whose work we have learned to honor righteousness and purity, and all that is noble in human faith and great in human sanctity and sweet in the human home and its everlasting ties and treasures—that she believed she did right in the step she took, no one ought to doubt.

Pathetic beyond words are the little signs of her passionate, womanly respect for the honor and preciousness of home-life—of home-life as other people live it and as other people honor it. Such exhale like her breath perpetually. Our tears start at the dedication of her MSS. "To my dear husband, George Henry Lewes, in the nineteenth year of our blessed union." She whom his grown children called mother cherished their honor and their love. She dwells with inimitably tender sympathy on the marriage happiness of friends, on the bereavements which separate wife and husband, on the betrothals of young people, on the formation of new homes. Her heart broods over the beauty and sacredness of home-life and law, as we all revere it, and as she has taught us to revere it in her own pure and noble books.

And yet, what woman whom she ever called her friend can believe (if speak we *must* upon a point like this) that she who urged us to the very arcana of renunciation and aspiration would wish one of ourselves to take the individual view of social obligation which she took? Nay, though her fame itself were the dazzling price!

In a sense, what must seem to us her personal mistake, *was* the price of her intellectual fame. This is not an easy thing to say, but it is true, and in reviewing a career like that of this exceptional woman, one must speak the truth or speak nothing at all.

In the companion with whom she chose to spend her life, George Eliot had the most unbounded and unusual domestic sympathy. She was invigorated into doing her greatest and best by a man who, whatever else is to be said of him, appreciated her. He seems to have been the bass chord which the mysterious hand that played upon her life's strange keys struck to bring out the melody. Let us not grudge him this at least—to remember that he *did* bring it out. Much in her sensitive self-distrust, something in her large, slow-moving temperament, might well have prevented her from the discovery of herself. Whatever else is to be said of this part of her experience, the fates were in it.

"The moving Finger wrote, and having writ, moved on."

No half-ripened life could have given us her work. No solitary creature could have written *Romola* or *Adam Bede*. *Middlemarch* could not have sprung out of a famished heart. It needed a full woman's life, rich to the beaker's brim, from which to pour out for us the wine she poured. "The heart must be at rest," says a French writer, "for the brain to be active."

What glory renunciation and loneliness may work in the human soul—and God long grant they may!—it is not the glory of the great creative novelist. And one glory differeth from another glory. It was as it was, and we have George Eliot. With finger almost on the lip, we say again, Overruled! overruled!

To sum it up: this was a great human being. She thought with her heart, and she felt with her brains, and both were built on the scale of heroic size. She had the love capacity of a hundred of what we usually call women—creatures who play at the passions of life, and suppose themselves to have experienced tenderness. There was no more grimace, or vanity, or self-seeking, in her than in some primeval woman born before Eve, and feeling with the intense simplicity of nature. Her power of loving was something so great as to give one a sense of awe. She lavished herself on her friends like rivers and seas and cataracts. She poured herself out for them. Her sympathy for their needs spent her. She was torn by their sufferings; she was tremulous to their joy. Their wants impoverished her; their blessings enriched her. More than most women or men can understand, she *felt with*—we may say, she *felt*—the hearts she loved. The tactual sense of her soul was something almost terrible to possess.

This massive power of personal tenderness took on in her a wide maternal character, and extended, with the instinct of the artist, to be sure, but more with the passion of a woman, to the world of men and women who needed the interpretation of a great mind acting through a great heart.

Bacon depicts for us an old man whose countenance "had a look as though he pitied men." It was said once of George Eliot that she looked as if she "bore the woes of half the earth." In her the nerve of pity had a development which involves in its possessor more suffering than it is likely to relieve. She must have suffered. She is at rest. She taught us noble things. Let us remember them.

It is idle to quote too much from a book which is so sure as this one to be universally read; but we subjoin a few of the intensely interesting things with which these volumes overflow:

"In her moral development she showed from the earliest years," says Mr. Cross, "the trait that was most marked in her through life, namely, the absolute need of some one person who should be all in all to her, and to whom she should be all in all. Very jealous in her affections, and easily moved to smiles or tears, she was of a nature capable of the keenest enjoyment and the keenest suffering, knowing 'all the wealth and all the woe' of a pre-eminently exclusive disposition. She was affectionate, proud, and sensitive in the highest degree."

"I was beginning," she writes, "to get used to the conviction that, ivy-like as I am by nature, I must (as we see ivy do sometimes) shoot out into an isolated tree."

"The heart knoweth its own, whether bitterness or joy. Let us, dearest, beware how we, *even with good intentions*, press a finger's weight on the already bruised."

"I can not help wishing to tell you, now that you are in trouble and anxiety, how dear you are to me."

"Ought we not on every opportunity to seek to have our feelings in harmony, though not in union, with those who are often richer in the fruits of faith, though not in reason, than ourselves? .... In more than one case a person's happiness may be ruined by the confusion of ideas that took the form of principles."

"I can not deny that I am very happy without you, but perhaps I shall be happier with you, so do not fail to try the experiment. .... Everybody I see is very kind to me, and therefore I think them all very charming; and having everything I want, I feel very humble and self-denying."

(In 1848.) "Certainly our decayed monarchs should be pensioned off; we should have a hospital for them, or a sort of Zoological Garden, where these worn-out humbugs may be preserved. It is but justice that we should keep them, since we have spoiled them for any honest trade. Let them sit on soft cushions and have their dinners regularly, but, for Heaven's sake, preserve me from sentimentalizing over a pampered old man when the earth has its millions of unfed souls and bodies."

"He would be a nice person if he had another soul added to the one he has by nature—the soul that comes by sorrow and love."

"It is an old weakness of mine to have no faith in affection that does not express itself."

"The last refuge of intolerance is in not tolerating the intolerant."

"My own experience and development deepen every day my conviction that our moral progress may be measured by the degree in which we sympathize with individual suffering and individual joy."

"Byron seems to me the most *vulgar-minded* genius that ever produced an effect in literature."

"I have had heart-cutting experience that *opinions* are a poor cement between human souls; and the only effect I ardently long to produce by my writings is that those who read them should be better able to *imagine* and to *feel* the pains and joys of those who differ from themselves in everything but the broad fact of being struggling, erring human creatures."

"But I wish to protest against myself that I may, as much as possible, cut off the temptation to what I should like utterly to purify myself from for the few remaining years of my life—the disposition to dwell for a moment on the faults of a friend." ....

Some months after Mr. Lewes's death she writes to their friend Mr. Cross:

"Some time, if I live, I shall be able to see you—perhaps sooner than any one else—but not yet. Life seems to get harder instead of easier."

Months later, still again:

"I am in dreadful need of your counsel. Pray come to me." ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

MRS. DUDLEY.

THE newspaper and the telegraph have given an enormous impetus to the love of notoriety by providing means for its satisfaction undreamed of by former generations. At the same time, by making what was formerly the talk of a single community the simultaneous topic of all civilized countries, they have carried to a perilous degree the excitability which often proves too much for impulsive people in exciting times. MRS. DUDLEY, who undertook the task of avenging England upon O'DONOVAN ROSSA, whom she imagined to be the head and front of the dynamite conspiracy, probably meant to be a benefactress of the species, and certainly was alive to the sensation which her act would create in two continents. As her antecedents come to light they indicate that she is the victim of an impulsive temperament and an unbalanced mind, from which tragical deeds might be looked for when an exciting occasion arose, though they scarcely indicate that that occasion would be a public and unselfish quarrel.

THE FANCIERS' SHOW.

THE Fanciers' Show at Madison Square Garden is a comprehensive exhibition. It includes poultry, pigeons, dogs, cats, goats, ponies, and other matters. There are two thousand entries, which come from nearly every State east of the Rocky Mountains. There have been dog shows in New York before, and shows of poultry, and cat shows a plenty, but there has been heretofore no combination of this character worthy of record. Fine dog shows have been held in the Garden, and fine horse shows. For the exhibition of poultry it has been customary to hire a vacant store in Broadway, and during many years cats have never been displayed in a more ambitious way than the dime museums were able to afford. The large body of people who take an absorbing interest in an exhibition of cats has frequently excited the wonder of those whose attention has been casually drawn to such matters. The managers of Bowery museums have found themselves doing the honors to hundreds of fashionable people whenever they have had a cat show under way. Among the cats in the present exhibition is one without a tail, and surrounded by a circle of naturally tailless offspring. Of course there is a *Sun* cat, but it is a humbug of such transparency that nobody will take offense at it. The defunct cat which was shown some years ago, and the interest in which was limited to the asseveration of the owner that its hair had grown half an inch subsequent to the time of its demise, is not again on exhibition, but there is plenty to make up for it.

THE SIEGE OF THE LOVES—CAPITULA

ATION IMMINENT.—Drawn by F. S. Church.

JONAS GRAPPITT'S VALENTINE.

[*Continued from front page.*]

seer sent me away. Halfred Hernest bein' not old enough to work, and—"

"Oh, I begin to understand," said the book-keeper. "You are Albert Edward, perhaps."

"No, sir; I'm only Ennery. I was born afore it come to mother to name the children that way. I'm just Ennery Dodd. Halbert Hedward is next me, and sells papers, and Halice Maud and Halexandra is twins, and Harthur William's got a bad back, and—"

"How old are you?" Swift asked.

"Eleven and a 'alf, sir."

"Can you write? Try. Here's a pen. Phew!" as a wonderful hieroglyphic was left on the paper. "You don't know the letters yet."

"Not all of 'em, sir."

"Well, now, you've a great deal to learn, Henry, but—"

"Ennery, sir," the boy corrected him.

"Suppose we say 'Harry,'" Swift suggested. "Now, Harry, we'll see if you can make up a fire, and I'll teach you about the copying-press. You'll have four dollars a week— But stop," for the long-suffering Victoria Regina had set up a wail. "Take that article to its mother, and you be on hand to-morrow morning."

"Humph!" growled Mr. Jonas Grappitt, for the large, clumsily built old man who now entered was no one less than Grappitt the millionaire—"Humph! Beggars, eh?"

"No, sir," answered Swift, his frank, half-jocose manner rather dashed by this great usurping figure and the heavy unsmiling face. "No, sir; a boy who seems to be decent and honest, so I engaged him for the office work."

"Very well. Give him three dollars a week," said Grappitt, sitting down at his desk in a small inner room.

"The regular wages are five dollars," answered Swift, "but I offered this little fellow four. The family," he added, impulsively, "are wretchedly poor."

"H'm! Then give him," said Grappitt, deliberately, as he chose a pen, "two dollars a week—no more."

The young man clinched his fine white teeth at Grappitt's back, then fell to work upon his books, while the millionaire as assiduously scratched away in the inner office.

It was after seven before there came from the private office a welcome stir, and the usual summons, "Look here!"

"Here," said the old man, pointing to an array of papers and books, "are the accounts of the 'Mutual Confidence,' which failed last week. I'm appointed receiver. Begin to go through these to-night."

"It's long after seven o'clock," Swift ventured, demurringly.

"I want some idea of the deficit by to-morrow," was the answer, as Grappitt stuck his feet into his overshoes.

"This is experts' work, sir; it doesn't belong to a book-keeper's duties."

"You've done such work before," was the short reply.

"Yes, a great many times," returned Swift, with meaning. "During the three years I have been here, sir, I have spent half or the whole night in this office at least twice a week. I think, sir, I get through as much as it would usually take several men to do."

"Humph! You think so, do you?"

"Yes, sir," said the employé, civilly but firmly, "and although I don't grudge labor, I find fifty dollars a month a small salary for the services rendered. From the promises you have made me I—I had hoped by this winter to be earning more."

"Some—some other time," mumbled Grappitt; "not now. Business is very bad—can't afford any new expenses. See about it in the spring;" and he hurriedly left the place.

Allan Swift, in an excited manner, walked up and down the office for a while, then poked the fire savagely, and was about starting out for his dinner. But there entered a blonde young man with a drooping silky mustache and clad in spick and span garments of the latest cut.

"Hallo, Swift!" was his greeting. Then, glancing toward the empty inner room, he asked, "How long has old Grizzly been gone?"

"Your uncle went about twenty minutes ago," answered Swift, who had an instinctive mistrust of this idle, rattle-pate nephew of Jonas Grappitt's. "Ernest," he was called—a rank misnomer, for the fellow seemed to have a screw loose somewhere in his mental machinery, and talked in the most empty and reckless manner even about his own private affairs. Unlimited belief in himself made him totally careless of what he said or did. "It'll be all right when the old man dies," was his favorite phrase. He was, however, Jonas Grappitt's only heir, uncommonly good-looking, and he cut a figure in fine society—this last a fact of which his work-a-day uncle, with the lurking social ambition tormenting a self-made man, was secretly proud.

"How's business?" asked young Grappitt.

"Fair, I believe," the book-keeper answered.

"You *believe?* Bah! as if you didn't *know!* You're too precious prudent, you are. Come, you have your opinion of the old man as well as I. Yes, by Jove! Here he's got his commission business, and his stock-jobbing, and his real estate interests, and pays you next to nothing for conducting the whole thing—eh? Eh?" he repeated, as Swift made no reply. "Then here am I. How does he serve me? Eight thousand dollars a year. What's that? Nothing. Why, I'm the only relation he has in the world, the only creature to carry down the name of Grappitt to posterity; and now he orders me to carry it down just in a way that he approves of. Wants me to marry Miss Robinson. Ever seen her? No? She's got goggle eyes. No goggle eyes for Ernest—not if he knows himself. Look at those for eyes," and he took a photograph from his pocket.

"Why, that's Pezzicanti, the opera-singer," said Swift.

"Yes, it is; and she's the handsomest woman in the world," answered Ernest, "and an honest woman too. The old man has forbidden me to marry her; but she's as good as any Grappitt that ever breathed, by Jove! and a deuced sight better, too." Then, after a pause, he went on: "Say, Swift, can't we—can't we—make some money—go into something together, or— Well, the money's all mine when Grizzly dies, but I need some just now. Come, you keep the books, and—and—don't you know?"

"No, I don't know," said Swift, shortly, "and I'm going to dinner." Out he went, and parted with young Grappitt at the door.

II.—TRUE LOVE.

A year had gone by, and in the shabby parlor of a shabby boarding-house sat Allan Swift with the young girl whose name had been so often confided to his blotter. Jessie was a modest, gentle little thing, with soft brown hair and a pleasant face; but she was paler and thinner than one ought to be at twenty years old, and so Allan was thinking when he said to her:

"Ah, Jessie, how I hate this old boarding-house! I wish I could give you a home."

"Never mind, dear," she answered, but a little sigh escaped her.

"We've waited three years, haven't we, Jessie? A long, long time!" Then Allan sighed too. But in a moment he began, warmly, "My darling, my sweetheart, how—"

"Hush!" said Jessie; "Mrs. Brown, the landlady, will hear you;" and she cast a scared look toward the closed folding-doors.

"Confound Mrs. Brown!" cried Allan. But trying to lower his voice, "My love," he went on, "let us be brave; let us put our small salaries together and be married at once."

Jessie held down her head and kept silence.

"Ah! I see it's too much to ask of you!" he exclaimed, bitterly. Then, in his impulsive way, he sprang up and began pacing across the hideous scrolls of the boarding-house carpet. "What hope I had three years ago!" he said, "and what hope even two years ago! I thought, by being alert to his interests and faithful to every trust, by never taking a holiday, by slaving away day and night, I could earn some recognition even from such an old villain as Jonas Grappitt."

"Can't you get another situation?" asked Jessie, anxiously.

"Why, then I'd have to begin all over again; prove to a new employer that I'm a useful man; acquaint myself with the business of some other house. But, darling, think once more. Let us risk marrying."

"And I to go on at the school, you mean?" questions Jessie.

"Yes, my poor dear, for on fifty dollars a month we couldn't live much better than day-laborers."

"Oh, Allan, I'd gladly marry you at once—so gladly—"

But before she could go farther her lover had put his arm about her, and in that bright manner of his cried: "I thought you'd say so, dear; I believed you would. See, let us plan. I have six hundred a year, you have three. Now—"

"Ah!" sobbed Jessie, shrinking away from him, and hiding her face in her hands. "Stop! I've nothing. I've lost my place at the school. I couldn't bear to tell you the dreadful news."

"Well, well," returned Allan, cheerfully, "there are other schools."

"You don't understand," she went on, the tears flowing fast. "I am ill, dear Allan; I have a cough, you know; and lately—oh, I've tried so hard to hide it from you!—but I've been growing worse. Yesterday the principal discharged me as being of no further use. I'm quite broken down:" quite hopelessly she said it. "I can't work any more. I must rest or die."

"My darling"—and Allan gathered the poor girl to his arms—"and you've borne so much to save me pain? Die! No; you shall live and be well. I'll make some desperate move, never fear."

"No, no," she answered; "give me up, and find some more fortunate woman for a wife."

"Give you up? Never! See, see"—and he spoke with strength and courage—"I'll make one more trial of Grappitt to-morrow. The old wretch must give me an answer. I won't be put off with half-promises. Jessie, Jessie, I never loved you half so well as at this moment when you are ill and helpless."

Much more of true love and devotion was poured out in whispers, to the utter confounding of the landlady's listening ear. Then, at parting, Allan said:

"Take courage, love. I shall have a last understanding with Grappitt to-morrow, and then—I'll do something desperate to better our condition."

Jessie clung to him a little while and cried, while Mrs. Brown rattled the folding-doors in the impotence of her curiosity.

As usual, Allan was at the office next morning by eight o'clock. The place was neat, the fire bright, and there ran to help him off with his overcoat a little chap easily recognizable as the English boy who had come begging for "hoffice work" a year before. He was somewhat grown, to be sure, and somewhat less shabby in one of Allan's coats cut down, but here were the same frightened eyes, and the same fluffy blonde hair, the same shrinking manner. Harry looked up at the book-keeper much as a loving spaniel looks at its master, and said:

"There's somebody waitin' to see you, Mr. Swift. No, not here"—as Allan looked about the room. "They're waitin' outside, just round the turn in the entry, for fear of meetin'—him, you know."

Harry had picked up his h's wonderfully, and by "him" he always meant Jonas Grappitt, whose very name was too great a bugbear to be uttered.

"Well, who is it?" asked Swift.

"It's—it's—" And opening the door, Harry softly called, "Mother!"

Much rustling, much shuffling, and many ejaculations were heard; then appeared a wide-mouthed young street Arab, with a boot-black's kit swung over his shoulder.

"Hello! your Royal Highness," Swift hailed him, at which the chap grinned. Then at his heels appeared a girl, holding by the hand another boy, and Swift said, "The royal family, by George!"

"Yes, sir," answered Mrs. Dodd, pushing along more children, a youngster clinging to her neck, another to her skirts—"yes, sir; 'ere we all are."

Mrs. Dodd was a large-boned person, with a broad, fresh-colored face. Her hair was neat, her voice cheerful and loud, and she repeated: "Yes, sir; all of us: just nine, and me—makes ten. That's Halice Maud; that's Halfred Hernest;" and she designated each by the poke of a finger. "But this one, sir," and she dragged forward a stumpy girl, and straightened her little hat with a jerk—"*this* one is your friend—your pertickeler friend. You know her, sir, of course."

"It's Alexandra of Wales," Swift guessed, wildly.

"Oh no, sir," and the poor woman looked bitterly disappointed. "She's growed, but don't you know your *pertickeler* friend, Mr. Swift?"

"It is," said Swift, dramatically—"no, it isn't—yes, it *is*—Victoria Regina."

At which Mrs. Dodd cried, "Deary me! of course you knowed her, Mr. Swift," and looked the picture of a proud and happy mother.

"Certainly. Hello!" And from the height of his office stool—a fastness to which he always retired when Mrs. Dodd paid these visits of courtesy—he tossed a five-cent bit, saying, "Catch it, your Majesty."

"Deary me!" Mrs. Dodd exclaimed. "I just come to thank you, sir, for gettin' me the scrubbin' of that Wall Street buildin'. It's only seven flight to do, and elegant pay. And I 'ope, sir, as Ennery does well, and shows 'imself thankful. I'm sorry he was a bad fist at the writing; but he keeps at the pot-hooks, sir. I aren't no judge myself, but I think he's improvin'. He's like the father, Ennery is, backward and fearsome like. Thank 'Eavens, I've got no more children like him. The rest favors me, leavin' out Harthur William's bad back. Ennery favors the father. My man was the fearsomest man, sir; got cut up in small bits, sir, just by losin' of his 'ead when the wheels was goin' round, and I always tellin' him 'Keep your 'ead,' say I, but—"

"Mother," whispers Harry from the door where he was keeping watch, "somebody's on the stairs."

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Dodd; and with a few grabs and a swoop she marshalled her horde, and was out of sight with them in a moment.

The step that came on and into the office was, however, not Jonas Grappitt's, but his nephew's.

"Where's the old man?" he asked, as usual.

"Not here yet," said Swift.

"That's because you're such an idiot as to do his work for him, and make it so easy for the old miser. I say, Swift, what do you think of my overcoat?"

"Stunning," replied Swift.

"Rather nice for morning wear, I thought. Goes well with this cravat." Then he hummed a tune; then, slouching over to Allan's desk, he leaned on it and began to speak in a low tone, careful that Harry should hear nothing. "I say, Swift, a year ago I spoke to you about—something. I don't think you quite understood me, and— Well, I'm going to repeat the proposition in plain English. The fact is, I'm in a deuce of a fix: I need money—lots of it. Now everything is to be mine eventually; so it's only a matter of anticipating a little, and I want you to help me—on shares. You know where hands could be laid on a handsome amount of stock and bonds. We could convert 'em into money before they'd be missed; then we'd be off to Europe. I'd divvy up even, on my word as a gentleman. That old chap owes us both something. I'm his next of kin; you've been his pack-horse for four years. What do you say?"

Swift had stopped the movement of his pen and listened; but at Ernest's last word he slowly turned, making the young man's eyes blink with the glare he shot into them, and answered, "What do I say?—that you're an infernal scoundrel."

Ernest turned white, fell back a step, buttoned up the faultless coat, and muttered, "Fool! I'll make you sorry for that." Then he sauntered out.

That day Grappitt never appeared until afternoon, and he went straight to his own room. Work had somewhat eased up, and Swift, deep in thought, was at his old trick of scribbling on the blotter. "Jessie," "Jessie," "Jessie," appeared over and over again; then "Jonas Grappitt," in strong black letters; then this sum wrought over several times:

Rent of rooms, say	$20
Fuel and light	7
Provisions	28
Clothing and incidentals	20
	$75

Suddenly he threw down the pen, and went to his employer's side.

"Mr. Grappitt," he began, firmly, "I have to speak to you about a matter of my own. I am in great trouble. I am engaged to be married, as I have been for the past three years. The young girl who is to become my wife is ill, has broken down from overwork in teaching a school. She is quite alone in the world, and it is both my duty and happiness to care for her. In short, we must be married at once."

Not a word or glance came from Jonas Grappitt.

"In order to marry, I must have more salary," Allan went on, desperately. "Can you advance me to seventy-five dollars a month? I think I can earn it."

"No, I don't care to consider the matter now," Grappitt answered. "Times are hard, business dull, and—"

"It was never better," interrupted Swift, sternly.

"It's bad—very bad," growled the millionaire, lumbering up from his chair; and as he put on his coat he added: "Perhaps in the summer, or next year, I can do something for you; not now. By-the-way, don't forget that second mortgage bond; look after it at once," and he had nearly reached the outside door. But Swift stood directly across his path, and said, in an excited tone,

"You've no moral right to treat me in this way, Mr. Grappitt."

"Come, young man; none of that," Grappitt answered, threateningly.

"I must be listened to," Swift went on, hotly. "My necessity is great. I'm speaking for one whose life is dearer to me than my own. I deserve something at your hands, and I claim that you must keep the promises you have made me."

"Pooh! pooh! You've no business getting married;" and Grappitt, roughly pushing him aside, walked out of the office.

With a blanched face and clinched hands young Swift stood quite still, looking at the closed door for a full minute; then he made a violent gesture and wheeled round.

"Please, sir," spoke Harry's voice just at his elbow, "the afternoon mail has come."

Mechanically he took the bunch of letters to his desk; but Harry, following him, held up still another, in a highly ornamental envelope, and said, "It's a valentine."

"So it is," answered Swift, absently. "Yes, it's a valentine—this is the 14th of February;" and opening it, he found a posy of verse and a pasteboard Cupid.

"Who sent it?" inquired Harry.

"Why, nobody can find out who sends valentines," he answered; but he secretly kissed Jessie's poor little love token before he put it in his pocket. Then, leaning his head upon his hand, he stood by the desk, quite absorbed in thought.

For a long time Harry never moved, but watched his friend's face with anxious eyes. At last he asked, impulsively, "What's the matter, Mr. Swift?"

"Oh, nothing; I—I was thinking," Allan answered.

"About what?" Harry demanded, quite forgetting his usual shyness.

"About—about valentines, I suppose," Swift answered, hurriedly. "Come, now, Harry, go file those bills. I've something to do." And after writing for a while he went out, saying: "Shut up at six. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir."

When Harry went home to his mother and the royal family, Mrs. Dodd exclaimed: "Come, Ennery; we've got bacon for supper. What! no bacon?"—as the boy shook his head.

"I don't want to eat," said Harry; "I feel bad. I'm going to bed." And upstairs he crept to where, at the top of the tenement-house, there was a closet under the skylight, in which he was allowed to sleep.

III.—A CRIME.

The next morning, the 15th of February, will be remembered by a great many New-Yorkers. In Jonas Grappitt's fine house the breakfast had been kept waiting a full hour, and the master's well-known heavy footstep was not yet heard. At eight o'clock the butler went half-way up-stairs and listened: no sound. He went to Mr. Grappitt's bedroom door and listened: no sound. He opened the door, looked in; with a hoarse cry came rushing down-stairs again, past the scared servants, and out into the streets, giving a wild alarm.

No need to question. The horror in every face told the ghastly tale of—murder. Jonas Grappitt lay by his open safe and desk, stabbed in a dozen places. There had been a desperate struggle, for chairs were overturned, papers scattered, and the clothing on the body torn and disordered. On the desk, at which Mr. Grappitt had probably been sitting, lay several opened and unopened letters. A crowd of doctors, of trembling and indignant neighbors, and officers of the law, was soon gathered. The house was thoroughly examined, diagrams made, every scrap of paper carefully read, and one especially preserved as important evidence.

At the coroner's inquest the first witnesses summoned were the servants of the house. An evening paper gave a condensed report of the proceedings:

"James Jackson (colored), having been duly sworn, deposed:

"'I was Mr. Grappitt's butler. Had been in his employ eight years. Last saw Mr. Grappitt alive at nine o'clock on the evening of February 14. I took him the letters that were in the letter-box inside the front door. It was my work for to take the mail to him every night after the last delivery.'

"*Question.* 'Did you speak with Mr. Grappitt?'

"*Answer.* 'Yes, sir. I says, "Here's the letters, sir," and he growls as was his way, and I says, "Good-night, sir," and goes out.'

"*Q.* 'How many letters did you bring him?'

"*A.* 'Mebbe a dozen, mebbe more.'

"*Q.* 'Would you recognize any of them?'

"*A.* 'Oh no, sir. I didn't look at them at all.'

"*Q.* 'Were they all brought by the postman?'

"*A.* 'No, sir. The box was inside the door, the mouth of it outside, and advertisements, circulars, and such like was often put in it.'

"*Q.* 'Did you see anybody go to Mr. Grappitt's room after you left him at nine o'clock?'

"*A.* 'Nobody but his book-keeper, Mr. Swift.

He often come to the house, mostly with accounts to be looked over, so I just sent him up to Mr. Grappitt's room. That was about ten, or a little later.'

"*Q.* 'Did you hear any noise from the room after that?'

"*A.* 'No, sir; not a sound.'

"*Q.* 'Did you hear Mr. Swift go out?'

"*A.* 'Oh no; Mr. Swift always went out very quiet when his business with Mr. Grappitt was done. I didn't see Mr. Swift again.'

"*Q.* 'Did you hear the front door close?'

"*A.* 'No, sir. Mr. Swift never slammed the door, and the hinges being fust-class, it shut very easy.'

"*Q.* 'Where were you all the evening?'

"*A.* 'Me and the cook and Mary Kelly, the house-maid, was playing cards till one o'clock in the kitchen. We never heard a sound in the house that night. But then Mr. Grappitt's house was built fust-class—deadened floors and all that. At one o'clock we all came upstairs to the fourth floor, where the servants' rooms are.'

"*Q.* 'What did you do on the way?'

"*A.* 'I locked and bolted the front door.'

"*Q.* 'And you passed Mr. Grappitt's bedroom door?'

"*A.* 'Yes, sir. It was closed.'

"The testimony of other servants threw no further light on the case, until the house-maid gave her evidence. She deposed to having unbolted and unlocked the front door at six o'clock on the morning of February 15.

"The next witness called was Allan Swift, who deposed:

"*A.* 'I am twenty-seven years old. During the four years past have been book-keeper and general business man for Jonas Grappitt, deceased.'

"*Q.* 'Did you see deceased on the 14th of February?'

"*A.* 'I saw him at his office about four o'clock in the afternoon.'

"*Q.* 'What was the nature of your conversation with him?'

"*A.* 'We spoke about raising my salary.'

"*Q.* 'You asked to have it raised?'

"*A.* 'Yes; from fifty dollars a month to seventy-five.'

"*Q.* 'You received fifty dollars a month for performing a large variety of duties?'

"*A.* 'Yes.'

"*Q.* 'Did the deceased grant your request?'

"*A.* 'He did not.'

"*Q.* 'Did you see him again that day?'

"*A.* "Yes; at his house at ten that evening. I delivered to him a Lake Shore bond.'

"*Q.* 'Did you again speak of your salary?'

"*A.* 'I did.'

"*Q.* 'Did you, at either of these interviews, have high words with deceased?'

"*A.* 'I urged upon him merely my claims to his consideration.'

"*Q.* 'And what did he say?'

"*A.* 'That business was bad.'

"*Q.* 'Go on. Relate what conversation you had with deceased on the evening of February 14.'

"*A.* 'It was of a purely personal character, and had no bearing on this case. I told Mr. Grappitt I would leave his employ.'

"*Q.* 'At what time did you go away from Mr. Grappitt's?'

"*A.* 'At about half past ten. He was sitting at his desk in the corner. His safe was open, and papers lay before him.'

"*Q.* 'What did you do after you left Mr. Grappitt?'

"*A.* 'Went home to my lodgings.'

"*Q.* 'At once?'

"*A.* 'No; I had rather an anxious mind. Walked about the streets until late—don't know how late—then went home.'

"Ernest Grappitt, nephew of deceased, being sworn, deposed:

"'I am twenty-five years old. Last saw my uncle alive on the 13th of February. Did not see him on the 14th.'

"*Q.* 'Where were you on the evening of the 14th?'

"*A.* 'In Brooklyn, at the apartments of Morris Vanderwater.'

"*Q.* 'How late did you remain there?'

"*A.* 'I came at nine, and staid all night. First heard of my uncle's death on February 15, at ten in the morning.'

"Mr. Morris Vanderwater testified:

"'Ernest Grappitt came to my rooms on the evening of the 14th, and staid all night.'

"*Q.* 'Did you occupy the same room?'

"*A.* 'No; but we sat up until four o'clock, then he went into a room which opens directly out of mine, and I saw him undress and go to bed.'

"*Q.* 'Are you sure that Mr. Grappitt was in your apartments all night?'

"*A.* 'Perfectly sure.'"

IV.—THE LAW.

Allan Swift's trial followed as closely as possible upon his arrest. Public feeling had been so stirred by the mysterious crime that from the very first day the court-room was thronged. Near the prisoners' dock sat Jessie Middleton, worn and sad; but as Allan was led in she gave him a look full of courage and devotion. Not far off were Mrs. Dodd and all the royal family, Victoria Regina being conspicuous in a large green worsted hood. The good woman lifted the end of her shawl and waved it at the prisoner, as who should say, "We're friends, and I'm not ashamed of it."

By Jonas Grappitt's will his nephew had inherited all of the vast fortune, under the sole condition that he be married to no woman of foreign birth; and in case he should contract such an alliance, the legatee was to forfeit everything except a moderate annuity.

"That, of course, disposes of the Pezzicanti matter," said the District Attorney, gossiping with the Judge; "for that charming woman isn't to be trifled with."

Though the will had not gone to probate yet, men who had spoken of Ernest Grappitt as the "biggest fool on two legs" already listened with patience to his insensate gabble. He appeared in court with his friend Mr. Vanderwater, both men being "horribly well dressed," and inclined to swagger about a good deal.

Swift kept an erect bearing, and showed a determination to conquer any display of emotion. Handsome, well-formed young fellow as he was, a shabby gray office suit, very worn about the right sleeve, gave him a needy look that, in the light of certain theories about the crime, went much against him.

As a witness for the prosecution the butler gave his testimony exactly as at the inquest, and then Mr. Ernest Grappitt was called to the stand.

"I know the prisoner; have known him four years."

The next question was, "Have you observed in him evidence of a violent or hasty temper?"

"Very decided evidence. I have seen him violently angry. Yes, I should call him a man who would deal a blow in sudden rage."

All Grappitt's testimony was most damaging to the prisoner, and his last statement made a strong impression upon both jurors and spectators.

"I have here," said the District Attorney, "exhibit 1—a letter or paper found open on Mr. Grappitt's desk. It reads: 'Jonas Grappitt, you are a cold-blooded villain. Somebody ought to kill you.' It is unsigned, dated February 14." Then, handing it to the witness, he asked, "Do you recognize that handwriting?"

Ernest looked at the paper carefully, and replied: "I do. It is the writing of Allan Swift, the prisoner."

At the cross-examination of Ernest Grappitt, Mr. Carter, a rising lawyer, appointed for the defense, asked him:

"On what occasion did you see the prisoner angry?"

"On many occasions."

"Did you ever make the prisoner a proposition to commit a robbery upon your uncle?"

"Never," was the answer.

"On the evening of February 14, when you were with Mr. Vanderwater at his rooms, what other persons were present?"

"When I'm visiting," said Ernest Grappitt, impudently, "I don't spy about to see who goes in and out of my friend's house. It's to be hoped I'm a gentleman."

"It's to be *hoped* you are," Carter retorted, rashly, and the prosecution appealed to the court for protection of its witness. But it being Carter's aim to break down the alleged *alibi*, he demanded, persistently, "What other persons were present?"

"No others," was the final answer.

Two experts, after undergoing a tedious examination, explained to the court their methods of judging handwriting. They had a pile of Swift's account-books and letters and a bescribbled blotter found on his desk. They pointed out that the word "Grappitt" was exactly the same as in the exhibit, the *s* in "Jonas" like the *s* in "Jessie." The writing was not a forgery.

The janitor of the office building considered Swift a hasty person. Had been spoken to sharply by him about keeping the stairs clean.

"No wonder," said Mrs. Dodd, quite audibly; "them stairs was kept disgraceful."

Mrs. Brown, Jessie's landlady, being sworn, and asked to rehearse the conversation she had overheard on the evening of February 13, said: "I heard the prisoner call Mr. Jonas Grappitt an 'old villain.' Then he said, 'He drives me as if I were a machine'; and twice he declared, 'To-morrow I shall do something desperate.'"

When Jessie Middleton was called to the stand there went through the court a thrill of sympathy.

The first question was, "Were you engaged to be married to the prisoner?"

"I *am* engaged to be married to him," she replied, and even the lawyers looked on her kindly.

"Is this like the writing of Allan Swift?" and she was handed the fatal mysterious lines.

"Oh yes, somewhat, of course," she said; "but Allan didn't write it; he—"

"Merely answer the questions," the District Attorney admonished her. "Can you swear the writing is not his?"

With hesitation she began: "No—no, sir, I can't swear it is not; but—"

"That will do; the witness is dismissed;" and poor Jessie, innocent of the sharp ways of the law, can not deliver the little plea for Allan with which she hoped to turn the tide of opinion.

The prosecution rested, and the defense opened. Very hotly and very unhappily Mr. Carter, Swift's counsel, sprang to his feet and said: "I will proceed to show, first, that Ernest Grappitt does not give a satisfactory account of himself on the evening of the murder; second, that exhibit 1, the anonymous lines, is a forgery of my client's hand."

Mr. Carter was reminded that Swift was on trial, not Grappitt, and he was rebuked by the Court.

A man-servant from the house in which Mr. Vanderwater had his apartments testified that a carriage came to the door at about 11 o'clock on the evening of February 14. He saw nobody, but heard footsteps entering Mr. Vanderwater's rooms.

This was the strongest witness. The rest of the testimony was merely as to the prisoner's upright character.

The name "Henry Dodd" was pronounced, and an officer led to the stand an abject, trembling boy whose pinched face seemed hardly big enough to hold his great eyes. All the result of a year's civilization had fallen away from him. He was the same forlorn creature who had wandered through the streets of New York reviled and helpless.

"Ennery," admonished Mrs. Dodd, "don't you be fearsome. Speak up."

But Harry heard nothing; he only gripped his hat, then, letting that fall, gripped both sides of the chair. They administered the oath, and Carter said, encouragingly, "Come, now, Henry Dodd, pay attention;" and the young man for the prosecution, before he could be called to order, had asked, with derision:

"Is this what the defense calls a witness?"

"How old are you?" asked the lawyer.

"Twelve and a half," came in a whisper.

"Do you know what an oath is?"

"Ye—yes, sir," and the kindly policeman grabbed his arm and set him more solidly on the chair.

"Have you been employed in Mr. Grappitt's office with the prisoner for the past year?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has he ever been cross, violent, unreasonable to you?"

"N-no, sir," Harry shivered out.

"Do you recognize that as Swift's writing?" and the witness was given the exhibit.

He grasped the paper with both shaking hands, gave it a half glance, and answered, "N-no, sir; it isn't his writin'."

This capable witness was then cross-examined.

"Now," said the District Attorney, "how do you know that isn't the prisoner's writing?"

"'Cause—'cause—it—isn't," was the barely audible answer; then the small face grew livid, and the paper went fluttering to the floor. The lawyers nodded at the officer, and that functionary took Henry Dodd, as it were, between a finger and thumb of the left hand, and set him down in the fresh air outside the court-room door.

V.—THE VERDICT.

The last day of the trial opened with a surprise. After a legal flourish of trumpets, the prosecution announced that it was about to produce further evidence. The gallant District Attorney assumed an Apollo attitude, and there sailed up to the witness stand a very beautiful woman. She had glorious eyes, an olive skin, and was superbly dressed. People stood on benches to get a better view, and they said to one another, "Pezzicanti, the singer."

With a strong foreign accent, she testified: "I am known as Teresa Pezzicanti. Twenty-four years old. Italian by birth."

Question, suavely put by the District Attorney: "Did you see Mr. Ernest Grappitt on the 14th of February?"

"Yes; I met him at the rooms of Morris Vanderwater at about eleven in the evening, and I left him at three in the morning."

Great sensation in court, then breathless silence for the next question. "Were you alone with him?"

"No" (with dignity); "Mr. Vanderwater was present all the time, and also the Reverend Father Vannini, who at one o'clock married me to Mr. Ernest Grappitt."

A still greater sensation, and the unhappy bridegroom savagely whispers to a legal friend. The legal friend disclaims all knowledge of this new move, and the District Attorney smiles grimly, and whispers to his colleague: "This leaves the defense not a leg to stand on. It serves justice in another direction, too. This is the forbidden foreign wife. That fellow doesn't get his uncle's money." Then he continues the case.

"Was your marriage to be kept secret?"

"Ah! I was what you call deceived—sheated," answers the witness, indignantly. "Ernest Grappitt implore me to marry him; then in two day he will tell his uncle, and the uncle will pay to him much money inherited from the mother. That, he say, is the law. So I marry him after the opera; then, with Father Vannini and Mr. Vanderwater, we have a leetle supper and a leetle conversation, and I go home, conducted by Father Vannini, at three in the morning."

"You consented to keep the marriage secret?"

"Two days; no more," answered the *diva*, raising a finger to emphasize the words. "Then Ernest promise to claim me before the wor-rld. But now he find his fortune depend that he has not a foreign wife, and he ask me—*me*" (and she strikes with the daintily gloved finger the region of her heart) "to allow the wor-rld to believe I am not lawfully married. Money from his mother there is not. That was one dr-readful lie. No; Teresa Pezzicanti is *artiste*" (this with a regal sweep of her hand); "such degr-r-raded woman she is not!"

Nobody envied Mr. Ernest the dagger glance his legal wife threw upon him. Presently the lovely Pezzicanti gave place to an aged priest, who testified to having performed the ceremony, and then with great dignity he escorted the injured lady from the court.

The prosecution proceeded forthwith to the summing up, which, in brief, was this:

"The defense has made a dastardly attempt to involve in this revolting crime a gentleman of near kin to the deceased—an attempt just signally frustrated. This murder had not been committed for plunder. Who had expressed bitter and revengeful feelings toward the deceased? who had used violent language in regard to him the very night before the crime? The prisoner at the bar. Who had been in company with Mr. Grappitt within the very hour the deed was done? The prisoner at the bar. The cowardly threat that was found lying close by the murdered man—by whom, as shown by competent experts and many witnesses—by whom was it written? By the prisoner at the bar. This bit of paper, gentlemen of the jury, is a most damning evidence, and one which you can not fail to consider as the link connecting the intention with the deed. 'Jonas Grappitt, you are a cold-blooded villain. Somebody ought to kill you.' A plain threat; and what does it mean? Murder!"

The prisoner outwardly was the calmest person in the court-room. Once, in the very height of the invective, his eyes met Jessie's steadfast ones. She smiled at him courageously, and for a moment those two lovers were on some blessed island around which the howling seas might rage in vain.

Mrs. Dodd rocked to and fro in her grief, while from time to time she seized Victoria Regina's arm with the admonition: "Shake your 'and at 'im, deary. We're his friends."

At last the eloquent gentleman reached his peroration. Carried away by the sonorous ring of his own voice, he flung out his arms and said: "Gentlemen of the jury, if ever black guilt dwelt in blacker heart, you must find it here," and he pointed a finger of doom at Allan Swift. "If ever the mark of Cain branded a human countenance, I see it" (then an oratorical pause, through which the listeners held their breath to the suspended climax) "*there*—on the forehead of the prisoner at the bar!"

An ominous silence fell, a silence that Jessie could interpret like speech, a silence that told her that in all this crowd of human creatures, born to love and suffer and sin, there was no such thing as enlightened mercy—only a blind lust for something like a blood atonement. With a woman's intuition she looked at the jurors one by one, and when they turned their eyes away, that pity should not sway justice, Jessie secretly clasped her hands, shut herself out from the cruelties of human judgment, and took poor Allan Swift's case to a higher tribunal.

At last Carter (for the defense) had risen. "Gentlemen of the jury," he began, then paused. Some one pushed through the crowd, and gave him a letter. Carefully he read it, and at once asked and obtained a re-opening of the case. He had procured additional and important testimony.

There appeared on the stand a fresh witness; yet—yes, certainly there was a familiar look about that worn jacket, that fluffy blonde hair; and Mrs. Dodd cried out, in wild surprise, "Why, Ennery—it's my Ennery!" Otherwise there was nothing here of the trembling, pale-faced child known as Harry Dodd. Erect, firm, with a bright color burning in his cheeks, he took the oath and calmly faced the lawyer.

"Henry Dodd," said Mr. Carter, sending him the now famous anonymous letter, "do you know who wrote that?"

"Yes, sir," came the answer, in a clear treble that could be heard in every corner. "*I wrote it myself.*"

The boy turned his eyes full on Allan Swift. And if ever a brave soul shone out straight through a poor weak face and transfigured it, if ever love visibly conquered fear, then such a miracle was wrought before the jury that day.

"Tell us why you wrote it," said Carter.

"Because I hated Mr. Grappitt; he was so cruel and mean. On the 14th of February he treated Mr. Swift very bad, and I thought I'd send him a valentine."

"A valentine?"

"Yes, sir; this is a valentine. Mr. Swift had just got one from Miss Jessie, and that made me think of it. I found these words in a story-book called *Jack, the Prairie Wolf*. I copied 'em exact, and ran up to Mr. Grappitt's and dropped the paper into his letter-box."

"You did the writing?"

"Yes, sir. I'd been tryin' to learn ever since I come to the office. I begun with pot-hooks; then I used to copy every scrap of Mr. Swift's writin' I could find—his blotters were full of words and letters. I was ashamed to let him see what I'd done, thinkin' it wasn't good enough. I didn't know I wrote exactly like him."

"Can you write now, in court, in the same way?"

"Yes; give me pen and paper." And in a few moments two—three—four reproductions of "Jonas Grappitt, you are a cold-blooded villain," were in circulation among the jurymen and lawyers.

"Why didn't you make this confession before?"

"I was afraid; but *now* I ain't afraid. I put that valentine into Mr. Grappitt's box; then I come home and went to bed in a closet under the skylight; but nobody wasn't there with me, so I can't *prove* that. I know," he ended, clearly and bravely, "that the man who wrote the valentine has got to be hung—everybody says so; then the man to hang is *me*."

"Good gracious!" shrieked a female voice, and with one rush Mrs. Dodd had reached the boy, turned up his sleeves, shaken his slender wrists in the face of the court—"good gracious! them chicken claws couldn't ha' killed big Jonas Grappitt."

Two stalwart officers seized Mrs. Dodd, and still yelling "Ennery! oh, my Ennery!" she was carried out by main force.

Of course there followed confusion, laughter, objections by the prosecution, and an interchange of lawyers' insults; but the dignity of American courts is long-suffering and not tender.

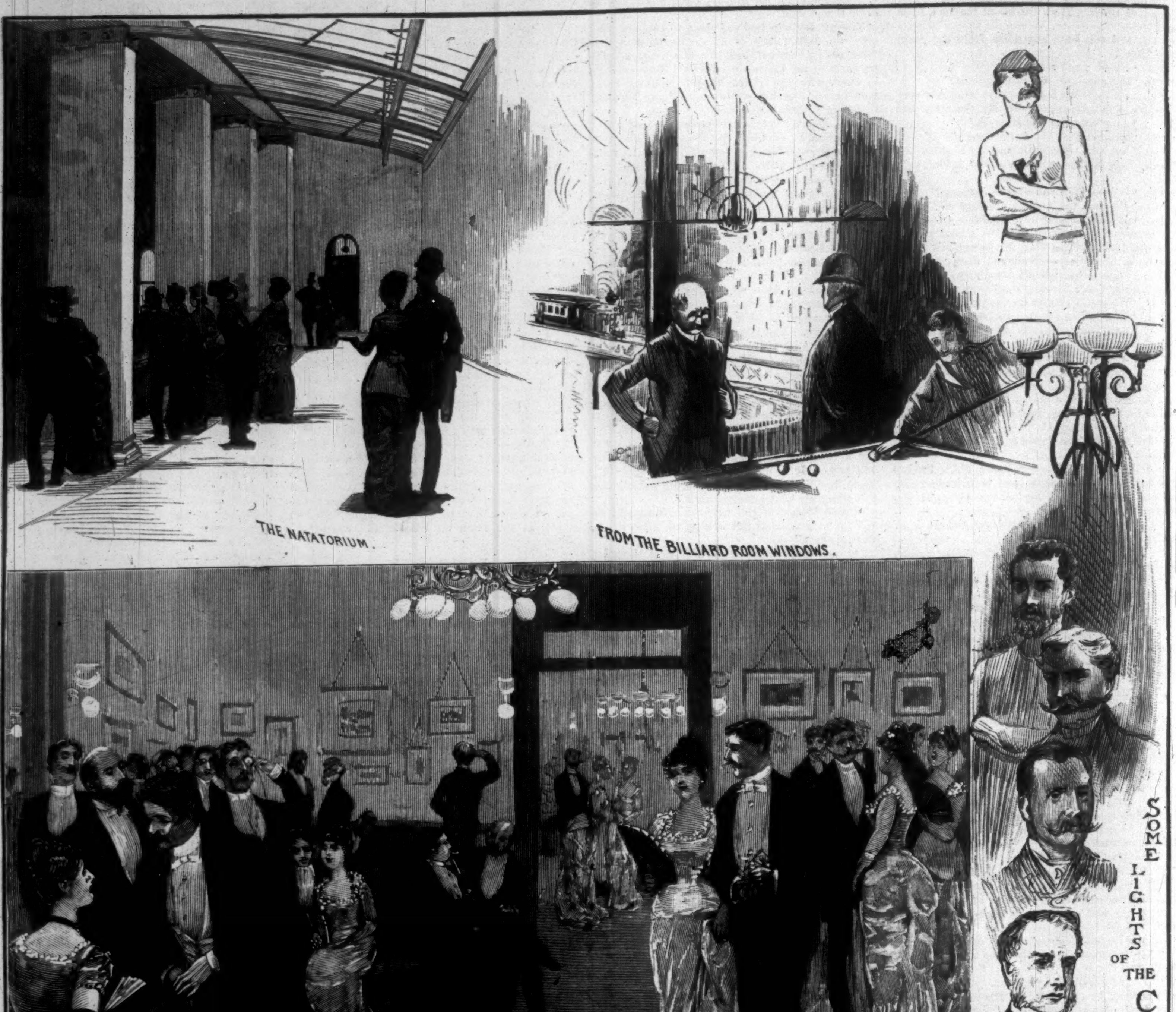
The chain of events had lost a link; conviction upon "circumstantial evidence" had received, from the reasoning of an ignorant child, such a rebuke as might shame all forensic eloquence.

The twelve good men and true returned sharply the verdict, "Not guilty."

The mystery of the Grappitt case was afterward cleared up by the confession of a condemned criminal. He had come for robbery, taken fright, and fled in a panic.

There's a rich firm in this city known as "Swift & Dodd." They are architects. Swift is the driving business man, while the designs are made by Dodd, who has the eye for form, the skillful, steady, artist hand.

FANNY FOSTER CLARK.



THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB, OPENED FEBRUARY 5, 1885.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 109.]

THE GUARDIAN OF THE EMERGENCY FUND GETTING A DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE.

THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.

The impulse to athletic sports is one of the most remarkable and important of "English traits," though Emerson found very little in his summary of those traits to say about it. In fact, "sport" occupies a segment in the round of activities prescribed by custom to an English gentleman, of mature as well as of immature years, which is incomprehensible to other people, and which strikes French observers in particular with incredulous astonishment.

If the recent American development of athletics be a phase of "Anglomania," it is about the most rational mode which Anglomania has assumed. Surprising as have been some of the feats of American amateurs in athletics, they have been, as the *Saturday Review* pointed out not long ago, the work of a body of athletics not to be compared in number with those of England. Their number is likely, however, to be greatly increased by the building of such a palace as that which was opened last week for the use of the New York Athletic Club.

Perhaps it is not necessary that a gymnasium should be beautiful. The most tremendous running and walking that have ever been done have been done in Madison Square Garden, which is not handsome at all. Given a brass band, a vociferous multitude, and somebody to push him close, and the best work of the athlete is apt to be brought out, no matter what the style of architecture by which he is encompassed. But fine surroundings will not do an athlete any harm, and, as Emerson says, "beauty is its own excuse for being," and so it may show itself just as reasonably in a gymnasium as in a flower.

The new building of the New York Athletic Club is the first of its kind in this city, unless, by stretching a point, the Racquet Club may be so called. Mr. William Blakie, the Harvard oarsman and the well-known authority in athletic matters, has already written concerning it in these columns, and we have printed a picture of its exterior. The illustrations in this number deal with parts of its handsome interior.

Of course it would be misleading to speak of this building as a gymnasium simply; it is a full-fledged club-house. It stands on the southwest corner of Sixth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street. It extends seventy-five feet on the avenue, and ninety-five on Fifty-fifth Street, is four stories high, and is built in the style of the Italian Renaissance. The material is Collaberg brick, with terracotta trimmings.

The basement contains six bowling-alleys and a rifle-range. In the first story there are facilities for Turkish and Russian bathing, and a swimming bath sixty-six feet long and twenty-five wide. The second story contains a reception hall, parlor, reading-room, billiard-rooms (public and private), and a restaurant. On the third floor are a thousand lockers, a lavatory, douche-room, reception-room, and sparring-room. The entire area of the fourth floor is occupied by the gymnasium. It is twenty-two feet from floor to ceiling, light, and airy. Around this hall, twelve feet from the floor, runs a track for the use of runners. Twenty-two laps of it make a mile.

The cost of the building was $250,000. The club is in a flourishing condition, with fifteen hundred members and three hundred more waiting anxiously to get in. The initiation fee is fifty dollars, and the annual dues thirty dollars. Mr. William R. Travers is the President.

Ten years ago the spot on which this building stands was a hill of solid rock. The blasters had long and tedious work to dispose of enough of it to afford room for the foundation. When they left off their labors there was rock there still; so the new club-house has a solid setting, and as the structure itself is most solidly built, the young gentlemen who are the members now, and their successors for a hundred years to come, ought to disport themselves in it as lustily as they please without fear that it will ever come tumbling about their ears; and even dynamiters must respect the scene of pleasures so harmless and so wholesome.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

There's a disturbance in Vienna because the newspapers refuse to print the proceedings of the Reichsrath. A deputy offended the reporters by a proposal to exclude them from the Chamber, saying that they lounged about the corridors and wrote lies about the proceedings. The reporters demanded an apology, and the President of the Reichsrath made one, but it was not considered adequate, and the Reichsrath was permitted to lapse into a state of most undesired and irritating secrecy—not irritating to the public especially, for they find plenty else in the newspapers to interest them, and are rather pleased with the humor of the situation; but extremely irritating to the Reichsrath, which does not like to be restricted to uttering itself to nobody in particular. There is talk of reprisal by withdrawing government advertising from the newspapers, and by establishing a more rigorous censorship of the press. The papers print such remonstrances of indignant members as are paid for at the regular advertising rates.

There is a similar row in Little Rock, Arkansas. The proceedings of the Legislature there are not printed, because of the omission of the usual appropriation to buy twenty copies of each newspaper in the town for each member. The legislators miss the reports, and still more the complimentary notices of individuals with which it has been customary to accompany them. The Arkansas newspapers, when they made their move, knew nothing of the action of the newspapers in Vienna. But one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

A dog in Inverness was accustomed to go about the streets with a tin box fastened to his collar. The box had a slit in it for the passage of money, and a placard, attached also to the collar, announced to the public that the dog was a collector for a certain charitable institution. M. Fontaine, a professor at the Lycée in Versailles, met the dog, and attempted to drop a penny into the box; but the dog covered the slit with his nose, and securing the penny between his paws, trotted into a neighboring bake-shop, where he exchanged the penny for a cake, which he devoured. This being reported, the dog was watched, and there existing no doubt that he made a practice of thus diverting the contributions intended for others, he was sent to Canada, where he finds himself in beggarly circumstances, having invested his entire peculations in cakes, which are the reverse of a durable provision.

In Philadelphia, where there is naught to distract the nerves, unless a great quiet distracts them, the people grow to an exceeding age. In the last year, among those who died there, 914 were octogenarians, of whom 376 were men and 538 women. Of those who reached the age of ninety years, nearly two-thirds were women, and of the ten centenarians, the women numbered eight. Those who died having achieved the age of one hundred years were, Rebecca Evans, aged 100; Martha Evans, aged 100; Martha Middleton, aged 103; Susanna Coyle, aged 104; Richard Rice, aged 110; Sarah Baumgard, aged 100; Charlotte Forten, aged 100; William Meyers, aged 102; Chloe Lloyd, aged 105; Hester Smith, aged 109; and Maud Smulling, aged 115.

A conscientious tramp in Waverly, in this State, having succeeded in borrowing an axe, proceeded to a neighboring stump and chopped off the middle finger of each of his hands, saying that they were too long, and caused him to steal. Notwithstanding this friendly demonstration toward the public, he was sent to the penitentiary under the Tramp Act.

A correspondent says that "Methuselah himself would have felt a thrill that would have sent a quiver of delight through his old frame, worn out by his 969 years," if he could have slid downhill at Montreal on a toboggan.

The *Evening Post* says that the Wagner feeling is spreading to remote quarters, because on a bridge in Pike County, Pennsylvania, there is a sign, "Walk ure Horses."

In this time of adulation of the auger that can bore square holes, let us remember that the auger which bores round holes is much more suitable for the manufacture of ladders, and also that the round hole occupies as large a place as the square hole in the eye of art.

While Philadelphia announces, as quite in the natural order of things, the deaths of her centenarians at the rate of ten a year, the *Leipziger Tageblatt* comments with unconcealed wonder upon the demise of one farmer near Zerbat, in Saxony, upon the last day of 1884, at the age of 109. He left behind him five children, twenty-seven grandchildren, and forty-five great-grandchildren.

Snapping-turtles and mud-turtles are made to fight in China, as bull-dogs are here. They are regularly trained, a correspondent says, being fed for six months on raw meat and a drug which makes them bellicose, and then teased into a state of extreme fury. In this condition two of them are put into a ring, and they fight always to the death. A throat hold means victory, but the legs are the first points of attack, and often both turtles will lose a fore-leg in the beginning of the fight. The battles last from one to ten hours.

Tastes in typography run sometimes very queerly. A Washington newspaper dislikes capital letters, and excludes them from all sorts of places which they have been accustomed to frequent. The house of representatives looks ordinary, and would almost be passed by as a stranger, shorn thus of the majesty of its usual initials. It is to be hoped that no Boston newspaper will seize upon the idea in an ungenerous spirit, and go to printing things about london, paris, and new york.

A well-known collector of orchids, not far from this city, recently received the following letter from a Western Granger: "i Here you have a big Lot of Orchids. Plees send me a price List of yure Best Orchids. i Want about a hunderd good trees manely Spits an Bergs and Northern Spis. Also du yu pay The frate on the Orchids you send. I doo Not pay enny frate as I am a Nanti Monop Polist. Anser at wonce."

A paragraph in this column two weeks ago spoke of a kernel of wheat in San Francisco that produced 860 kernels. Mr. C. W. Redfern, of Whitehall, Michigan, writes that he has a clump of fifty-five stalks which sprang from a single kernel, and the heads of which average thirty kernels each.

An English policeman arrested a man who was climbing a lamp-post for the avowed purpose of getting a drink. It was found on searching him that he was very handsomely tattooed from neck to heels, among his decorations being a ship, a house, pigeons, an anchor, a hay-stack, fishes, trees, a man driving sheep, a pig, the union jack, the Prince of Wales, a Highland girl dancing, a Highland soldier, another soldier, flags and bayonets, a drum and sticks, a pile of shot, several guns, pipes, a jug and glasses, an ensign, sailors, a cross, a fish, a woman waving a flag, and numerous inscriptions, including the name "Charlotte" in capital letters. In default of seven shillings he was sentenced to hard labor for seven days, the magistrate making no question as to the justice of taxing works of art.

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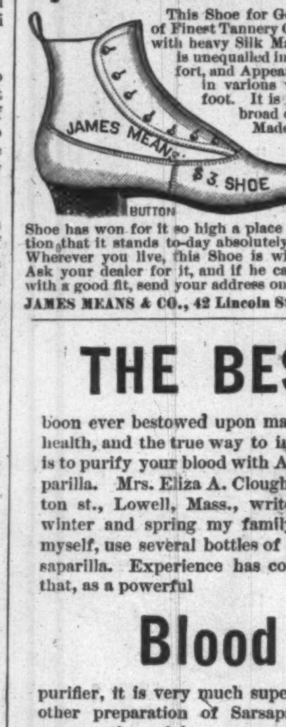

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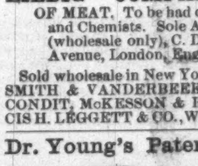

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